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**Without Concealment—Without Compromise.**

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## PRO-SLAVERY RETREAT.

From the New-York Albion.

We have been urgently requested to copy an article from the Courier and Enquirer, addressed to the Governor-general of Canada, and have done so. It details the improper conduct of some negro soldiers at Chippewa, to a party of American gentlemen and ladies, who were making a visit to the Falls of Niagara. It is gratifying to observe, however, that the inhabitants of Chippewa rendered such assistance as they were capable of, to counteract the insolence of the negroes, and that as soon as a regular force could arrive, all difficulty ceased. We trust the mutinous negroes will be properly punished. We know, personally, some of the complaining party, who are of the first respectability in one of the Carolinas.

**Negroes in Canada.**

*To His Excellency the Governor-general of Canada :*

Sir : When an atrocity is perpetrated in civilized society, it becomes the duty of a good citizen to make it known to the proper authorities, in order to prevent a recurrence, and should the laws of our country prove too weak to protect the unoffending stranger, it is every way incumbent, to warn the world of the fact.

The late outrage committed against me and a party of friends while travelling under the supposed protection of British law, induces me to address you, expecting that your sense of honor and public policy, will lead you to the adoption of such measures as may prevent similar abuses, or at least that other persons from the United States may be made aware, that at this time there is no security for them within the Canadas.

The facts follow, to which I must draw your Excellency's attention.

On Wednesday the 16th inst. (September) we landed at Chippewa, intending after dinner to proceed to the Falls of Niagara. Our party consisted of three ladies, two gentlemen, a child, and two colored female servants.

While at table, the keeper of the hotel entered hastily, and taking me aside, informed me that his house was surrounded and likely to be attacked by a large number of troops. On going out, I perceived that we were in fact surrounded by about forty or fifty negroes, clad in the British uniform, and armed with bayonets as British soldiers! The companions and brothers in arms, of men who once proudly supported the honor of old England.

The avowed object was to possess themselves of our servants, not stopping to inquire whether they were slaves or free; and in case of resistance, they swore to "wade knee-deep in blood." Of course these threats could have no other effect than to alarm the ladies, and greatly to frighten the servants, who sought protection from us. One of these last had gone into the kitchen, suspecting no evil, from whence she with difficulty effected an escape, upon a rush of six or eight fellows in that direction.

After having conveyed the ladies to a parlor upon the second floor, where, however, they could not be prevented from hearing the brutal language of the negroes, and having arranged such measures of defence as were within our reach, aided by the prompt kindness of a few high-spirited gentlemen of Chippewa, attracted to the spot by the brawl, and whose names I should be most happy to state to your Excellency, with our public thanks, but that they were all strangers to us; we inquired for the white officers of these men, and for the civil authority.

It is worthy of note, that the captain of these negroes, a white man, could no where be found, although the whole village was by this time in confusion; and the lieutenant, in uniform, with a sword by his side, informed me, in the presence of our ladies, that his men were in a state of mutiny, and that he could do nothing with them, nor was it in his power to protect the inmates of the house.

In this posture of affairs, our eyes were turned to the civil authority, and a message was sent to the magistrate or intendent of police, by the intelligent keeper of the hotel, Mr. Crysler. We desired the peaceable protection of law, and this failing, we wished for ourselves and for the brave and honorable men whose assistance was freely proffered, to legalize any thing which it might become necessary to do. This magistrate's name, as we are informed, is *Swan*, and he was styled *Colonel!*

As a peace officer, holding Her Britanic Majesty's commission, he was informed that the law was outraged, and that ladies were alarmed and in distress; and he refused to make his appearance at all, or to interfere in any manner whatsoever. This did not arise from any feeling of abolitionism, as he was assured by the messenger, that after repeated examinations, the servants clung to us for protection, expressing unbounded attachment, and absolutely refusing to be separated.

Your Excellency will judge, whether *Colonel Swan's* neglect of duty arose from cowardice or corruption, and whether such an officer is entitled to Her Majesty's confidence.

It is proper here to remark, that while our servants were freely questioned by the lieutenant and his negro sergeant, and indeed by any one else who chose to take the trouble, there was no pretence or shadow of legal warrant.

It is due to the inhabitants of Chippewa to state, that frequent were the expressions of honest indignation and shame at what they conceived to be a national disgrace.

At this period the town was, with the exception of our hotel, completely in the possession of a band of armed negroes, and affrighted females were calling from the neighboring windows, entreating their friends to leave the hotel, and seek safety for themselves. This advice, I believe, was not followed in a single instance!

Ultimately, the lieutenant mentioned above despatched a note to an officer of the 93d, or Highland regiment, two or three miles off, stating simply that his men were in a state of mutiny, and about sunset the mongrel crew slunk off to their barracks, at the approach of a company of gallant Scots, after having been kept at bay upwards of three hours.

Our party remained several days at the Falls and in the neighborhood, on the English side, where the affair was well known, and if any measures were taken to right the injured laws, or to testify respect for a neighboring and friendly nation, whose citizens had been wantonly abused, they were unknown to us.

The above statement is made, not from any feeling of resentment toward the negroes who have violated your laws, and from whom nothing better could be expected, but to point out the manner in which some of the petty officers, civil and military, under your government, discharge their duty, and the abundant material, furnished to the evil disposed, for embittering the public mind.

It is left with your Excellency to judge, whether it is to the interest of Canada, that such a condition of things should exist, that must exclude from her borders a large portion of the citizens of the United States, or, whether the keeping together of bands of armed and lawless negroes upon the confines of a friendly country, be consistent with professions of national comity and honor, or calculated to promote the general peace.

With considerations, your Excellency's obedient servant,

A TRAVELLER.

From the New Era.

**Abolition.**

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH.

It cannot be denied by those who have attentively noted the signs of the times, no matter how unwelcome the truth may be, that this most agitating subject, abolition, is destined to become, one of these days, unless the force of the Democratic party is powerful enough to resist it, the entering wedge to a dissolution of the Union. Indeed, the time has now come, when we should not be unwilling to speak of it in plain language, or to shut our eyes and our ears to the magnitude of the danger. We must not be so timid in approaching the subject, as to suppose by so doing, we at all hasten the catastrophe, for it will come soon enough, if Gen. Harrison should be elected, without any painstaking of ours. It is apparent, and it is not to be wondered at, that the abolitionists of the North are among the most wealthy and aristocratic of the northern population, and bitterly opposed to the principles, measures, and men of the Democratic party. They have not yet, in a manner calculated for the public eye, disclosed their ulterior designs and objects. We know what the effect of the abolition of negro slavery in the South will be, and we tremble when we contemplate it. The country would be convulsed to its very centre—hordes of negroes would pour in upon the northern States, to become abject menials of northern aristocrats—labor would be degraded, and the now free white working people would, ultimately, be reduced to the same scale of degradation with the ignorant and naturally subservient black. It is not our purpose at this writing, to touch more fully upon this part of the subject. Suffice it to say, that the producers of the North have every thing they should hold dear and sacred, involved in this momentous question—their rights, political and social, would be jeopardized—the natural distinction which God in his wisdom has established between the white and the black would be effaced, by the success of the infamous cause of abolition.

The alliance, offensive and defensive, of the "Whigs" and abolitionists is indisputably established, and indeed openly acknowledged by individual "Whig" partizans here, and tacitly confirmed by the united Whig press of the North. They act as a band of brothers, and move along in solid column. Can it be believed by the southern Whigs who are opposing the administration, that they have thus united without sufficient cause and weighty consideration tendered to the abolitionists? Can they believe that this alliance bodes any good to the perpetuity of the Union?—The abolitionists have been willing that the union of the States should be dissolved, rather than have their wild schemes of emancipation put down. The Webster Federalists have been also desirous of separation, rather than have a slave apportionment of representation among the southern States. In proof of this assertion we give an extract from the Boston Columbian Centinel of July 18th, 1812, edited by Benjamin Russell, always the acknowledged mouth-piece of Webster and his party. It said:

"The union of the northern and southern States is not essential to the safety, and is very much opposed to the interests of both sections; a peaceable separation would be for the happiness of all sections!!"

Daniel Webster himself, at a meeting of Federalists in Boston in 1816, drafted and reported resolutions declaring it to be "the duty of Congress to abolish the transfer of slaves from one State to another!" and yet Mr. Webster, in his late speech at Richmond, has shifted his ground, and says "He believes Congress has no power to interfere with slavery!" Here are two opinions of his in direct contradiction to each other—one for the North, and another for the South. Which are we to believe? This is not all: the "Whig" Legislature of Massachusetts after that, also adopted and approved the following resolution of the Hartford Convention, viz:

"Resolved, That the following amendment of the Constitution of the United States be recommended to the States, &c. Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States, according to their respective numbers of FREE PERSONS, excluding Indians not taxed, and all other persons."

And has it come to this, that southern men can support this Federal and abolition party: can commit such a suicidal policy after the repeated warnings which they have received? Has it come to this, that the Southerners are willing to immolate themselves by giving support to a party that was against their rights and their interests? If this should prove true, the blood of martyrs that has consecrated their soil will have been spilt in vain. Should the British Whigs succeed, one of their first acts will be, another vigorous attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. The Democratic party will not be strong enough to stay this formidable band—the reflection that the South had proved recreant to the northern Democracy would cool their honest ardor in such a conflict. The veto—the shield of the South—will not be interposed: General Harrison has so declared in his speech at Fort Meigs. Then will the Goths and Vandals of abolition prevail in their strength on the fertile plains of the South, and the black flag of abolition float in triumph from the Capitol! People of the South, will ye yet slumber, or awake and to the rescue!

From the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Flag of the Union.

We lay before our readers this week the letter of his Excellency Gov. Bagby, to the Hon. S. M. Gates, a Whig member of Congress from New-York, on the subject of the World's Convention circular, which came to his Excellency under this gentleman's frank. It is severe, but just, in the reproof it conveys to the Whig gentleman, for the base prostitution of his Congressional franking privilege, and for his officious and treasonable intermeddling with the constitutional rights of the people of Alabama.

Executive Department.

Tuscaloosa, September 2d, 1840.

Sir:—I received, a few days since, under cover of your frank as a member of Congress of the United States, a circular and certain resolutions, emanating from an assemblage of persons held in London, on the 12th of June last, styling itself the World's Convention. The object of these persons, as expressed and set forth in their proceedings, is the immediate abolition of negro slavery. Inasmuch as I have not the honor of your acquaintance, being ignorant there was such a man in existence until I received the communication above referred to, I was somewhat at a loss to conjecture why I should have attracted so much of your attention as to be honored, through you, with a copy of the proceedings of "The World's Convention." I conclude, however, that you are among the number of those engaged, either as principals or agents, in disseminating the atrocious principles of abolition. If I am correct in this conclusion, it were useless to remind you of the indignity of an American statesman playing the part of a lackey to a pack of foreign and domestic fanatics, or of the enormity of the moral guilt of engaging in a crusade against the rights and safety of the people of one entire section of the United States, by the diffusion of principles calculated obviously and inevitably to incite Southern negroes to acts of rebellion, insurrection, and murder. Neither is it my province to determine how far it may be compatible with your views of the franking privilege, which I apprehend was intended to facilitate the means of correspondence and intercourse between the Representative and his constituents, for a member of the Congress of the United States to prostitute it to the nefarious purposes to which you have applied it in the present instance.

That is a question which, so far as you are concerned, refers itself entirely to your own sense of propriety. Lest, however, neither my opinion nor your sense of propriety should be sufficient to shield me from a correspondence disagreeable in itself, and upon a subject which I consider absolutely improper for public discussion, I have to request, and I do it respectfully, that if you should feel disposed to continue your labors in this unholy cause, you will have the kindness to give to that portion of them with which I have been honored a different direction.

I am, your obedient servant,

A. P. BAGBY.

Hon. S. M. Gates, New-York.

From the Courier and Enquirer.

**The Abolition Question and the Southern Elections.**

The recent elections at the South have settled an important question in the pending Presidential controversy. Mr. Van Buren and his friends have considered the matter of anti-abolition their trump card in the game. Immediately on the dissolution of the Harrisburg Convention, the Globe opened its batteries upon that body as an assembly of Abolitionists. Great pains were taken to create the impression at the South that the nomination of General Harrison was a triumph of abolitionism. The Albany Argus took the lead in this warfare. All the administration presses of the North joined in the cry. The Charleston Mercury and its associate journals at the South, took the cue, and improved upon their teachers. Mr. Calhoun, Mr. M'Duffie, and the prominent apostate leaders of the slaveholding States, condescended to adopt the falsehood, and to endorse it with their encouragement. When the Whigs carried Vermont by an increased majority, the *Boston Post* printed a paragraph in big capitals, the purport of which was, that the Whig triumph in Vermont was obtained by a junction with the Abolitionists; when it was a notorious fact that the Loco Foco candidates for the office of Governor and Lieutenant governor of the state, were the only prominent abolitionists brought forward in the canvass. Day after day the Washington Globe was filled with labored editorials, designed to identify the Whig cause with abolition. Amos Kendall addressed half a dozen long letters to Mr. Botts of Virginia, assailing him for an union with the northern abolitionists.—At least one half the *Richmond Enquirer* has been crowded with articles intended to produce a similar effect on the popular mind of the South.

The course of General Harrison in regard to this question has been assailed with the utmost diligence and violence. His opponents have gone back forty years, to find some topic of offence in this connection. He has been represented as an avowed abolitionist before the commencement of the present century. Notwithstanding his recent declarations on the subject, and the speeches in which he has most manfully and boldly declared his sentiments; and notwithstanding his course on the Missouri question, it has been boldly asserted that he was hostile to the Southern interests, and would not scruple to violate the constitutional rights of the slaveholding States, to gratify his abolition supporters.

This matter has been fully and fairly argued before the people of the South. Since the nomination of General Harrison, several of the southern States have passed upon it, and have decided to what weight it is entitled. Virginia has denounced it as a scarecrow and humbug. Kentucky has followed in her footsteps. Louisiana has laughed it to scorn. North Carolina, Maryland, and Georgia, have each declared by immense popular majorities, that on this point General Harrison is entitled to the confidence of the South. A calumny once dead is forever dead. The venal supporters of the administration will find it utterly impossible to revive the extinguished excitement on this subject of abolition.—The speech of Mr. Webster, at Richmond, was the extinction of this miserable attempt to play off the prejudices and apprehensions of the South against their attachment to honest and honorable administration.

**Hon. Albert Smith.**

We copy the following letter from the Hon. Albert Smith, from the Globe. That Mr. Smith was defeated, in the efforts of the abolitionists, there can be no doubt. But the fearless discharge of his duties as the representative of a free people, he nobly defended, in Congress, the great principles of democracy, the principles upon which the Constitution of the Union was formed, and the rights of the States severally protected. For thus doing, and supporting Martin Van Buren, whose views are every where known, in relation to the domestic institutions of the States, he, as have also others at the North, has been shut out of a seat in the councils of the nation. We trust that the South will look upon this matter in its true light. The democrats of the North are determined to support the Constitution, as it was and as it is, and Martin Van Buren for his honest adherence to democratic principles. If the South see fit to desert Mr. Van Buren, why——we will leave the blank for them to fill. —*Bay State Democrat.*

Our friend, the Hon. Albert Smith, late Democratic Representative of Cumberland district, writes us from

"Portland, Sept. 30, 1840.

"My district, which was the focus of the operations of the party, and the point to which the exertions of the Boston aristocracy were mainly directed, and where their money was expended, I was beaten by only 70 votes out of 13,000; and this result was brought about by the aid of 100 negro votes. What a glorious victory for the Whigs of the South! a member of Congress elected by the abolitionists and negroes. The latter held the balance of power at the late election!! But we are not disheartened; we shall relax no nerve, spare no effort to meet our opponents in November. We now understand their movements better, and can better counteract them. I am nearly exhausted in the conflict, but I fight upon my stumps to the last. From all parts of the State, the news borne upon every breeze is, "WE CAN AND WE WILL." I most religiously believe that we shall triumph gloriously in the election of Democratic Electors."

## SELECTIONS.

From the Liberator.

**Letter from C. L. Remond.**

Edinburgh, Sept. 21st, 1840.

My very dear friend:—Upon the table before me is the Liberator of the 28th ult. apprising me of your safe arrival home, together with friend Rogers, Fuller, Grosvenor, and Galusha. It afforded me great pleasure to learn of your safe return, and additional pleasure to notice the promptness with which the colored citizens of Boston welcomed you, with friend Rogers, on shore, and the reception they gave you at the Marlboro' Chapel. Thanks be to Providence, they knew their duty, and were ready and willing to perform it. It augurs well for the cause in which you have been engaged for the ten years past; and the proceedings of that evening at the Marlboro' were proof conclusive, that you had not been engaged in vain. Such a meeting, ten years ago, would have stirred, and I had almost said, would have moved the foundations of the Old Bay State.—Think of one of the finest and largest chapels in Boston being filled to overflowing with much of the learning, wisdom, piety and philosophy of the city, to receive Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Nathl. P. Rogers, distinguished for their fearless advocacy of the colored man's rights—and, above all, colored ladies and gentlemen sitting promiscuously with this body. Think of it, mobocrats of Philadelphia! Look in upon that meeting, aristocrats of New-Haven! Pass judgment, negro-haters of Bath and Hallowell! Reflect upon it, humanity-scourgers of New-York, who prided yourselves in compelling your superiors in every respect, save that of slavery-ridden and debased human nature, to fly the public house kept by Mr. Goss, as late as May, 1840!

What will the priests, levites, attorney-generals, senators and governors say to all this? What can they say, other than that upon the question of slavery, our country is to be turned '*right side up*,' (with care,) if you please! What, but that fanaticism has become sober truth, incendiarism has become patriotism, recklessness has become solicitude for the country's weal, and last, but not least, amalgamation has become a right in the estimation of the wiseacres of 1835, 6, 7, 8 and 9, providing silence gives consent. So much for the march of truth. Another feather is soon to be placed in the cap of my native State, (Massachusetts,) the first to strike for the freedom of the country. May she be the first to banish from her soil and associations the corroding fetters of prejudice, which, if we may be allowed an opinion, from the experience of the past, the view of the present, and the prospects of the future, is soon to be the case.

Upon our young men, and young women, every thing (comparatively speaking) depends. Too long have many of this class been indifferent to this question. It is our cause, and we are unwilling to promote it, we deserve proscription, and are not only deaf to the cries of the enslaved, but false to our trust. Too often have I been pained to see young men with growing families around them, almost from appearances ignorant of the efforts being made in their behalf. Shame on the colored father or mother, who can rest contented in their lot, or with the prospect staring them in the face, that their children and their children's children must be subjected to the condition through which our fathers passed, and which we daily experience!

It need not be, if we will it; otherwise, it cannot be.—No nation can keep four millions of people in bondage to slavery's Moloch, or its handmaid prejudice, when they shall decree it otherwise. Then let us rally to the moral contest, and, being armed with the weapons of truth, soberness, industry and knowledge, we will present a Spartan front, through which no army, led on by slavery's call, can penetrate, and, ere long, the American eagle shall bear on his back the olive-branch of freedom to every colored man, woman, and child throughout the American continent.

You will be glad to hear that it is my happiness, at this time, to be travelling with our mutual friend and coadjutor, George Thompson, who, I have every reason to believe, should he be spared, is destined to prove the successful advocate of suffering humanity in the *East* as well as in the *West* Indies. The growing interest in this country, upon the question of British India, is alike surprising and encouraging. I have accompanied Mr. Thompson as far north as Aberdeen, and he is every where hailed, and cheered, and honored. Every day fresh proofs of devotedness to the cause he has espoused come in to him from every quarter; and if he possessed a hundred tongues, every one of them would be employed. As the British learn the three-fold effects of East India emancipation—viz: the enfranchisement of the East Indian, the prosperity of the working-classes of Great Britain, and the unavoidable overthrow of American slavery—the universal shout will ring through the land. And shall America say, England shall buy and manufacture her blood-stained and tear-saturated cotton? No! Shall America say, Great Britain shall not carry out the god-like work she has so nobly begun? No! Then let American slavery perish—as perish it must, and that speedily; for survive it cannot long. It may live, for a time, by feeding upon its kind; but you and I may yet live to see its overthrow. Four out of six British papers, upon an average, speak favorably of the movement. Georgia may offer her rewards for the abduction of American citizens; but more mines must be discovered through the tears, and bones, and blood, and ashes of murdered slaves, ere she can hope to purchase the head of Old England, or to intimidate her sons, or deter them from their work of philanthropy. No nation or people possess a superior to Daniel O'Connell as a political advocate, or George Thompson as a moral advocate.—Wo be to the system they combine against. Glad as we would be to see our friend Thompson on our side of the Atlantic, I feel convinced from observation since I have been honored with his companionship while travelling and lecturing for the advancement of the cause of injured Africa, that he is doing more for the overthrow of American slavery, than he could possibly do were he in our country at this time. I fear we do not duly appreciate the services Mr. Thompson has rendered, and is at this time rendering in behalf of the oppressed and proscribed of our land. The debt of gratitude due him on our part is great indeed. I feel no hesitancy in saying that George Thompson is surpassed by no man in England or Scotland, in his persevering, consistent and successful efforts, both publicly and privately, for the emancipation and elevation of our people; and the more I mingle with the friends, and society at large, the more I am convinced of the truth of the statements. The first monument of honor erected by colored Americans to any living man should bear an appropriate inscription, demonstrative of their regard and affection for him. Could they, with me, listen to his appeals to English hearts, and English humanity, and English philanthropy, all thoughts of extravagance on my part would vanish.

In my next, I shall say something respecting the woman question in the north of Scotland. My departure from Scotland is attended with difficulty, owing to the many pressing invitations from different sources to visit and lecture in company with Mr. Thompson; but we intend starting for England soon. The family of Mr. Thompson are in the enjoyment of good health. With the anxious hope that our cause is prospering, and desiring to be kindly and affectionately remembered to the friends in Boston, I remain,

Ever your attached friend,

In bonds for the oppressed,

C. LENOX REMOND.

P. S. The following is a copy of a note presented to me on my return to Edinburgh, after an absence of ten days:—

8, *Spence's Place, September* 26, 1840.

My dear Sir:—I beg most respectfully to request, that you will be pleased to accept of the inclosed Pledge-card of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, whose declaration you honored us by publicly signing, on the 21st inst.

With sincere wishes for your health and prosperity, believe me to be WM. MENZIES.

On the back of a beautiful card, I find the following:

At Edinburgh, on the evening of Sept. 21st, 1840, at the termination of a public soiree, held in Dun Edin Hall, in commemoration of the Fourth Anniversary of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society, Mr. Charles Lenox Remond signed the declaration of the Society, amidst the enthusiastic applause of the vast assembly.

WILLIAM MENZIES,
*President of the Edinburgh Total Abstinence Society.*

—

At a public meeting, attended by a numerous and respectable audience, held in the Rev. Mr. Rutherford's chapel, Falkirk, on the evening of Thursday, 17th September, 1840, Thomas Aiken, Esq. of Dorreter, provost of Falkirk, in the chair:—

After eloquent addresses by Mr. Charles Lenox Remond, and Mr. George Thompson, it was moved by the Rev. William Steel, seconded by the Rev. William Welch, and carried by acclamation,

That this meeting have listened, with deep interest, to the affecting and important statements made by Mr. Charles Lenox Remond and Mr. George Thompson, on the subject of American slavery, and the condition and resources of British India—statements which, while they have renewed their horror and detestation of American slavery, have filled them with hope for the oppressed, by disclosing the prospect of deliverance through the adoption of peaceful means, especially of the development of the agricultural riches of the British possessions in the East; which would speedily withdraw the chief support now given to the existing systems of slavery and the slave trade:—that this meeting would also tender the expression of their sincere sympathy to their interesting visitor from the United States, and their earnest desire that he may soon rejoice in the emancipation of the injured race he represents:—that this meeting farther congratulate Mr. Thompson on the success of his labors in the abolition of slavery in the West Indies colonies—approve of the labors he is now making for the abolition of slavery universally—wish him all success in them, and pledge themselves that they will not fail to give their utmost aid in the sacred cause.

(Signed) THOMAS AIKEN, *Chairman.*

From the Monthly Offering.

**A Tale of Endeavor.**

BY M. W. CHAPMAN.

Mrs. James was a physician's wife in the western part of Massachusetts. She received, one day, an odd number of the Liberator, through the medium of the Post Office, from one who had seen her name in the list of donors at the end of the Missionary Herald. The same spirit that had made her solicitous for the welfare of the distant Asiatics, caused her to read with interest the pages that recommended to her attention the more distressing condition of the American slave. She was a Christian; and the extinction of slavery ever seems to the Christian heart a holy and ennobling object, demanding immediate exertions for its attainment.—She could not account for the hot excitement which the discussion of the subject seemed to have produced on the seaboard. She was extremely ignorant of plantation details and of all the statistics of the matter;—in fact, she had never before given it a moment's thought; and was indebted to the following paragraph, which caught her eye, for the whole amount of her actual knowledge respecting it.

"Two and an half millions of slaves in a Christian country! The degraded bondmen of the freest nation on earth! mere human chattels! Every sixth man, woman, and child owned like pieces of merchandise, as little respected, and as transferable!"

It was little, but it was enough. "Slavery as it is," had not then been published, but out of this short paragraph her active mind drew inferences, which rendered such a book, to her, unnecessary. "Two millions and an half!" The paper dropped from her hand—her eye fell upon her infant child, and the reflection that every one of those children of misery must be as sensitive and as beloved as her own, sunk deep into her heart. Had any one told her then, that slaves do not feel as freemen do, she would haye denied it; and she would have been right; for slavery does not extinguish the instincts of humanity, nor destroy the ability to suffer. This her own human instinct told her, and to this mental philosophy and physiology are obliged, when brought up to the witness-bar, to testify.

"What shall I do for the *extinction of such a system?*" she said; (for the first determination of a sound and unprejudiced judgment in contemplating the removal of any evil, is, *to strike at the root.*) "Suppose," she exclaimed, as a friend entered the room, "we go this afternoon and talk with some of our neighbors, and try to prevail on two or three of them to take this newspaper, from which we shall be able to learn what instrumentalities are already in motion. I don't doubt we shall find that there is a society in operation, and it will be best, if there is, for us to aid it. We might associate ourselves together for that purpose, in this place; for, we know by the effect of all our other associations, that many hands make light work. Ten persons together can effect *more* than ten times the amount that *one* person can. We can help to print and circulate publications and sustain agents, as we do in other benevolent operations. Indeed, it seems as if a little light only were wanting, to stir up the whole nation about it. This one paper has awakened me, never to sleep again on this subject, I trust."

The friend fell in with her views, and arm in arm, they took their way to pursue what they had ever found the efficient course to promote the various objects of benevolence they had at heart, viz: to take measures for securing the co-operation of others. Their first call was upon the family of their pastor. He was himself within, and readily entered into conversation with them. He feared, he said, that they were hardly aware of the delicacy of the subject, or the difficulties that surrounded it. Situated as the ministry and the church were at the South, he had no doubt that the agitation of it, must be necessarily followed by division, and every ill that ought to be most deprecated. He knew, perhaps, more than some others, respecting the character of those by whom the movement had been commenced. They were harsh and denunciatory, and abusive of good men. He could not but hope that Mrs. James would refrain from identifying herself with them, though he was as anxious as any one could be for the abolition of slavery. He should advise, however, waiting till such a time as the subject could be introduced without giving offence. This could not be done while the instrumentalities he alluded to were in existence, as they caused all efforts to be suspected. Indeed, it was no wonder that the South, and the North, too, should close their ears against men who strove to deprive of influence some of the best Christians in the land, who were unfortunately involved in slaveholding.

"Best Christians! Slaveholding! unfortunately!" exclaimed Mrs. James, with a hasty touch of indignation and sympathy with the suffering and the wronged; "why, surely it ought to be made an object to deprive of his influence, forthwith, the man who in the nineteenth century, in Christian and republican America, uses it to gild the system of slavery. Every jot of character and influence he has, prolongs the existence of slavery."

Her pastor could not forgive her for having a truer moral sense than himself, and never after heard the subject adverted to without shame, and pain, and opposition.

Her next call was upon the deacon of another church, who was one of her neighbors. He was no advocate for slavery, he said, but he always had observed something in ladies which unfitted them for the consideration of such subjects as this. They were apt to be carried away with one idea, and to introduce it, as it were, *butt end foremost.* These subjects ought to be managed on the principle of the *wedge.* "Just as he chose," Mrs. James replied; "she would leave it entirely to him *how* they should begin." He thought *when* they should begin, was the more difficult question, as the time was now so occupied. Almost every evening in the week was devoted to some benevolent operation. They must not leave these things undone. "No, nor the other, either," was the reply. "True," responded the deacon, "but we have a very interesting revival of religion in our society, and we ought to be exceedingly careful how we grieve away the Spirit, by introducing any matters which would give rise to difference of opinion.

"The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the scenes of noise and strife."

You know the hymn, my dear madam."

Again Mrs. James lost the power to suppress her thoughts. "Religion, indeed! What sort of a revival of it, must that be, which a consideration of human suffering, and the means of relieving it, will hinder! 'The Spirit!' not the Spirit of the Lord, for that is anti-slavery, and can only stay where there is liberty. I do not construe the bible as you do, my friend, I find."

Here was another opposer of the anti-slavery cause brought out.

Her next call was unsuccessful, because the neighbor to whom she applied did not wish to join in benevolent efforts with any but his own denomination. He liked, with Yankee foresight and discretion, to build up benevolent societies and the presbyteries with the same trowel, or as he inwardly said, "to kill two birds with one stone." This low state of mind was not able to perceive the beauty of the parable of the good Samaritan, with an allusion to which his visitor favored him, or to exercise that Christian foresight which would have shown him, that if there was any need of societies, it must be because the presbyteries had not done their duty, and consequently, that both could not be temporally built up together.

A fourth effort was repulsed by the confession of the friend with whom it was made, that she did not think affairs so connected with the *politics* of the country, the proper sphere of women. Mrs. James went home in silence, as her friend had, only the week before, preached at a Whig *pic nic.*

The next call failed of success, because the lady had a married cousin in Virginia, whose feelings would be hurt, if on her return in the summer, she found her engaged in an affair of this kind. The North had no right to interfere—it was a state concern.

Another attempt in the lawyer's family was also fruitless. After half an hour's conversation with the lady of the house, which apparently produced conviction, the gentleman overset the whole by coolly looking up from his conveyancing, and recommending them to form a Sewing Circle, and *buy a slave* with the avails; as then their consciences must be relieved by the fact that they had done all they could.

To make a long story short, the only effect of an afternoon's intense exertion, in walking and talking, was to raise up a set of *opposers* to the anti-slavery cause. Mrs. James returned to her home sad, but not disheartened, for the effect upon her mind was a deeper and still deeper conviction of the goodness of the cause; her cause, as she now felt it must be for the rest of her life. The very coldness, and discouragement, and contempt that had been poured upon it, made her feel the necessity of vigorous exertion on her own part.

The slaves had a friend in herself—the principles of freedom were inextinguishably kindled in her own mind, and she did not leave undone what one could do for their promulgation, because no others could be found to sustain them.

"It is like the first preaching of the gospel;" thought she—"this application of it to a hitherto unrebuked sin—a sin which I find is growing up rank in the bosoms, that by their distance from its grand centre, might be supposed to have escaped its influence." And she prepared herself for the work with all the means she could command. She subscribed for and lent the Liberator—purchased and distributed tracts—circulated petitions—solicited donations—in conversation was "instant in season and out of season."

To the observance of this last precept, she attributed much of the ultimate measure of success which crowned her efforts. She ceased to be called "the agreeable, delightful Mrs. James," but she prevailed, out of all that populous town, on a half-dozen obscure individuals to consider the cause of him who had none to help him, and they associated themselves with her to promote it. She has not what she enjoyed three years since, the enviable distinction of being "at the head of good society" in her neighborhood,—but the Senators and Representatives of ——— county voted against slavery last year in their respective places, and the ministers there, who refuse to speak for the cause, begin to be accounted recreant to that Savior who came to proclaim liberty to the captive. A hot encounter is going on among a whole roused people, which must end, as all battles for freedom ever do, in being *won.* Persecution, misrepresentation, opposition of the most malignant and unanticipated character, she has met; but she ever joyfully testifies that the principles by which she has striven to win freedom for others, at what the world calls a sacrifice, have been to her a better inheritance of happiness than any thing that the world can give or take away.

From the Anti-Slavery Record.

**Spurious Abolition.**

"I am as much anti-slavery as you are."

Then I trust you have joined the Anti-Slavery Society, and ranked yourself with anti-slavery men, according to the old maxim, that "birds of a feather flock together."

"Why—no—I've not done that—I don't like the *men*, but I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

Indeed! You are as much of a Baptist as I am, but then you'll not go with the Baptists—O yes! as much of a Methodist as I am, but then you'll not show your head among the Methodists—as much of a Quaker as I, but you'll take good care not to be caught with the Quakers—as good a Presbyterian as I, but those Presbyterians—O! you'll not be seen with them!—as much of a Temperance man as I, but you'll not join the Temperance ranks—not you, O no—you don't like the *men!*

"But the anti-slavery men are so rash and inconsiderate."

Then you have joined them I trust on the ground of "principles and not men;" and by the "exertion of a kind moral influence," tried your utmost to curb their rashness, correct their mistakes, and put the cause under a wise and judicious management.

"No—I've not done that—their measures"

—O yes, I understand it, they are such a set of incorrigibles, &c. &c. that you have more hope of the slaveholders than of them. Well—but if you don't like their way of doing the thing, you probably have some plan of your own—some system of correspondence with slaveholders—some plan to show the superiority of free over slave labor—or some other scheme, by which you propose to do the thing.

"No, I can't say that I have—but I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

Doubtless—doubtless—and as you have no plan of your own, I suppose you give something now and then, (in a silent way,) to aid us in our efforts.

"Not I."

You give something to the Colonization Society, then—once the darling of your heart.

"Not of late. The truth is, I don't exactly like either society; but I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

Well, if you are a minister, you do this—you preach on the subject; you speak and pray about it, from time to time, in the church and prayer meetings, and especially on the Sabbath; and then, you open your pulpit to the abolition advocates—at least, the better and more moderate sort of them.

"Why—no—my people are so sensitive, that I haven't thought it expedient to agitate the subject—but I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

Well, then, minister or not, you at least bring the subject into your family. You mention it at the family altar, converse with your wife and children about it, and take every method possible to enlist them in the good cause, as you used to do, for instance, in respect to colonization.

"No—I never mention these political things in my family—but I am as much anti slavery as you are."

You take some anti-slavery periodical then, that you may keep pace with the progress of the cause, and circulate it also among your neighbors, who are *not* as much anti-slavery as I am.

"What that Liberator and [Standard!] No, sir—such papers are not needed at the north, they had better be sent to the south to those that have got slaves."

You have doubtless subscribed for one or both of these, then, to be sent to some friend at the south that owns slaves; for instance, that brother minister that went down there from your town, and married a wife with *her* hundred negroes.

"No—I don't think it exactly belongs to me to meddle with other people's matters, but I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

I suppose, then, when you hear men reviling abolitionists, and calling them "fanatics," "cut-throats," "incendiaries," "foreign emissaries," &c. &c., you always step right up and take their parts, and tell their revilers—"Hold, sirs—I'm as much anti-slavery as they are."

"No—I never do that—exactly."

Well, you at least make apology for them on such occasions.

"Why—I can't say precisely as to that."

You at least keep still, then—you certainly do not join them in their cavils.

"Why—I—don't—know that I do, but—but—I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

Most likely, and so when talking with abolitionists—myself for instance—your fault-finding, if you have any, is with slavery and slaveholders, and your apologies and allowances always on the side of abolition and abolitionists, on the common sense principle, you know, that we always find fault with our opponents and apologize for our friends.

"No—I tell you the abolitionists are so rash—but then I'm as much anti-slavery as they are."

Well, then, you have done something in some way, and at some time, to aid the cause, most certainly. Come, now, tell us what. Let us have the precious secret—come.

"Why—I've—I've—"

What have you—except it be to find fault with abolitionists? But, no matter—if you have as yet done nothing for the *poor slave*, you have at least done something for the poor free colored man at your door. You have vindicated, doubtless, the claims of the free to equal rights and privileges with the whites, and have used your influence to get them into schools, churches, mechanics' shops, &c., on equal terms.

"What amalgamate with——"

Or you have at least given something to help them establish schools, &c., for themselves.

"No—I don't know that I have done any thing special in this way, but then, I assure you, I'm as much anti-slavery as you are."

Then, let me tell you, sir, your anti-slavery is one that does nothing for bond or free; (except to find fault with others;) it says, indeed, "be ye warmed and filled," but it is an empty nothing, *mere sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.*

The Cause must Prevail.—The doctrine of immediate emancipation, and kind treatment of colored people, is every where called a most *dangerous* doctrine. The reason is this. It has a principle of *life* in it. It is *truth*, and being once brought to the full notice of men, it will and must go *forward.* Lies cannot stop it, ridicule cannot, mobs cannot. Discussion may be suppressed, lips may be sealed, the press may be muzzled, but the leaven of *thought* is at work.—Thousands of minds are constantly on the stretch to fortify themselves against self-evident truths, and to avoid conclusions inevitable from their own premises. A vain struggle this. "I am afraid to read your pamphlets," said a worthy minister to an anti-slavery agent, "lest I should be obliged to come over!" He is now an abolitionist.—*Anti-Slavery Record.*

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Tales of Oppression.

No. III.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

A Child Kidnapped.—In England, where their laws are probably more extensive than in any other country, they are still without one to punish the inhuman and unnatural crime of stealing children. Of this, some years ago, we had authentic information, deduced from the trial of a woman who had stolen a child, and who could only be prosecuted for stealing its clothes! It was never supposed a human being could find sufficient inducement to plunder a parent of his offspring, and therefore, no provision was made to punish so monstrous a crime. In this country, however,—nay, in the city of Philadelphia, and in this city also,—we have witnessed, with regret, instances of this nature, which stamp with indelible disgrace the authors, and indeed reflect discredit on the community. One of these instances I shall give an account of; and I trust no person, because the child was black, will conceive the crime less infamous. Parental feelings are not acquired; they are natural, and therefore, no doubt, as poignant in the breast of a black, as a white mother.

Some time in the 3d month, 1801, a certain Capt. Dana had engaged his passage in a schooner, then in the port of Philadelphia, bound to Charleston, South Carolina. On the day he expected to sail, he went to the house of a colored woman, who had a son about nine or ten years old, and with the most deceitful and false professions of regard for the child, and of a wish to serve the mother, told her that he had lately had a suit of clothes made for his son, but that they were too small for him, and that, if she would permit him to take the lad home, he would make them a present to him. Upon saying this, he gave the child a piece of ginger-bread, took him by the hand, threw his cloak about him and left the house. He went immediately with the lad on board the schooner, in which he had taken his passage, and which then lay in the stream. Here he left the child under the care of the captain, and said he would come on board as the vessel was on her way down the river.

Is there a parent in the United States, who would not commiserate the situation of the woman, who was thus bereft of her only child! Is there one who, after this circumstance, would require additional proof of the sinful inhumanity of a system, which, by holding out a prospect of gain, has thus, and will still, excite unprincipled men to the commission of deeds which humanity shudders to contemplate!

This circumstance acquires additional aggravation from the fact, that the perpetrator was himself the father of several children! He, however, stifled the voice of nature, and relinquishing himself to the dominion of avarice, was rendered callous to the misery he inflicted on the unfortunate mother.

The schooner lay in the stream, opposite Walnut street, when the child was put on board; but about the time she was ready to sail, a severe storm commenced, and the wind blew with such violence, that she dragged her anchor, and hauled to at Gurling's wharf, near the Swedes' church, in the district of Southwark. Joshua Humphreys, a respectable inhabitant of that neighborhood, was standing on the wharf at the time, and hearing the child cry, inquired of the cook, a colored man, what child that was, and why it was crying. He was informed that it was a child that Captain Dana, a passenger, had brought on board, and *the child* said that Dana had stole him from his mother. This information was conveyed in a note, signed "A Citizen," to Thomas Harrison, whose active zeal on behalf of the oppressed, was exceeded by none in the United States. Thomas Harrison was unwell, and sent the note to my house. I had gone to meeting, and stopping to see a friend on my way home, did not get the note till after 10 o'clock at night. I immediately called upon Samuel Smith, who readily accompanied me; and taking George Gass, a constable, with us, we proceeded to the schooner. Upon arriving there, we called up the captain, who had retired to bed, and inquired for the boy.—He assured us that there was no person on board but himself, telling us all the hands had gone on shore. We called for a light, and he produced a lantern. We then asked the captain to open the forecastle and let us see if there was no person there. This he peremptorily refused to do, alleging that his positive declaration ought to satisfy us. I saw an axe lying on the deck, and taking it up, told him, if he did not instantly open the door, I would do it. Finding resistance useless, he unlocked the forecastle, and there we found the cook and the boy! We requested them to follow us, and told the captain that he must also go with us, to which, after much hesitation, he assented. In the midst of the rain, we went to the Mayor's. There were at that time no lamps in Southwark, and it was extremely dark. Sometimes we were stumbling over the cellar doors, and at other times we were nearly knee-deep in the gutters. At length, we arrived at the Mayor's, John Inskeep's, who then lived on the west side of Front street, a few doors above Mulberry street. We rang the bell, and a servant soon came to the door. I requested him to inform the Mayor, that Isaac T. Hopper wished to speak with him at his chamber door. I was accordingly invited up stairs, and found him wrapped up in his cloak. After apologizing for disturbing him at that unseasonable hour, (it being after 12 o'clock,) I briefly stated the case, and told him, that we merely wanted his verbal order to put the captain and cook in prison till morning, when they should be brought before him. He replied, "It is a matter of too much importance to be disposed of in that way. I will come down and hear the case." He then ordered the servant to invite us into the parlor, where we found a large hickory log embedded in ashes, which, being removed, we had a good fire—and a great comfort it was, for we were wet and cold.

The Mayor, on entering his parlor, was surprised to find in the person of Captain Watson, the prisoner, an old acquaintance, and expressed his regret at seeing him under such disagreeable circumstances. He was also acquainted with the owner of the vessel. The captain was required to enter into recognizance in the sum of $3,000 to appear at his office the next morning at 9 o'clock. The cook was committed to prison, as a witness, and the lad was placed under my care, with directions to have him at the office at 9 o'clock.

The next morning I sent to the boy's mother, to let her know her lost son was safe; but she had gone in search of him, and was not to be found. As I was on the way, however, to the Mayor's office, we met her in the street. Upon seeing her child, she cried out aloud, "My son, my son, I thought you were lost forever," and immediately embraced him in her arms and kissed him. The scene was most affecting. Upon arriving at the office, the captain of the vessel said, that Capt. Dana had brought the boy on board, but strongly denied that *he* had any knowledge of their being any thing wrong in the business. The Mayor, after hearing his account of the matter, ordered him to enter into heavy recognizance to appear at the next Mayor's court, to answer the charge of kidnapping. The captain now became greatly alarmed, and in order to extricate himself from so serious a charge, informed the Mayor that Dana had gone into Jersey, and was to come on board his vessel as she was going down the river; and that, if an officer was put on board, he could apprehend him. George Gass, a constable, was employed for the purpose. When about three miles below the city, opposite Gloucester Point, she cast anchor, and after waiting about two hours, Dana was seen coming from the Jersey shore in a small boat. As soon as he came on board, the officer arrested him and took him to my house in Philadelphia, which he entered in a great passion, and rudely inquired of me what all this meant; protesting his innocence, and threatening vengeance against those who had caused his detention. I inquired of him if he had a family, and he informed me that he had a wife and several children. Although I had but little sympathy for the man, I felt most keenly for his family, and was almost ready to wish he had escaped. It was about 4 o'clock, P. M. when he was brought to my house, and the Mayor's office was then closed. Dana was, therefore, lodged in jail till the next morning, when he was arraigned before that magistrate. Being aware that my presence was not necessary, I did not attend, apprehending his wife would probably be present, and I did not wish to witness her distress. She, however, did not attend. Dana, finding his case desperate, made a full confession, and offered his poverty as an excuse. He was a man of education, and had sustained a fair reputation. He was required to enter into recognizance in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, and to find two sureties in the like sum. James Brown and Joseph Wilds became his bail, and he was liberated. Not appearing at court, his recognizance was forfeited, and suits were instituted against Brown and Wildes, and judgments obtained for fifteen hundred dollars, but were never enforced.

A considerable part of the foregoing narrative is taken from a pamphlet entitled, "Reflections on Slavery," &c., by Humanitas, published in Philadelphia, in 1803. It was written from notes furnished by myself.

### Manhattan Anti-Slavery Society.

Mr. Editor:—It is with no small degree of pleasure that I announce, through the medium of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, the final and complete organization of the Manhattan A. S. Society. This Society is composed of the real "lap-water" abolitionists of this city, and has a platform broad enough to admit ALL, without respect to sex or color; the new organized American and *Foreign* Society to the contrary notwithstanding. A Society like this has been much needed here, for on no other foundation can genuine anti-slavery rest. Let not our opponents be deceived, but clear the way, for the true-hearted men and women are coming up to the help of the cause against the mighty. Already have more than one hundred joined our ranks, and I predict that in twelve months, by the help of God, we shall number three hundred. Below is a copy of the proceedings of the meeting, together with a list of officers for the year ensuing.

WM. P. POWELL.

Pursuant to public notice, the first annual meeting of the Manhattan A. S. Society was held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27, in the Asbury Church, Elizabeth street. The meeting was called to order by Mr Thomas Van Rensselear.

Wm. P. Powell, Chairman of the Committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, reported a full list, which, on motion, was unanimously adopted, as follows:

REUBEN RUBY, *President.*
James Hudson, *Vice President.*
Wm. P. Powell, *Secretary.*
Geo. Alex. Bodee, *Treasurer.*

*Board of Managers.*

Thos. Van Rensselear, Abigail H. Gibbons, J. S. Gibbons, John Hopper, Joseph Michaels, Charles Webb, Mercy O. Powell, Josiah Hopper, ——— Carpenter.

The meeting was addressed by C. C. Burleigh, J. T. Hopper, James Hudson, Thomas Van Rensselear, and others. A collection was taken to defray the expenses of the meeting; and after a very pleasant and heart-cheering interview of near three hours, the meeting adjourned, *sine die.*

REUBEN RUBY, *President.*
Wm. P. Powell, *Sec'y.*

### Letter from E. D. Hudson.

New-London, Oct. 27th, 1840.

Mr. Editor:—I have just arrived at this place, from Mystick, Portersville and Puoquonuck, where I have been tearing up the fallow ground and scattering the anti-slavery seed. The consequence is, "there is no small stir about that way."

Mystick and Portersville lie about eight miles east of New-London, on the banks of the Mystick river, by which the two villages are separated. They are beautiful and romantic places. The houses are beautifully whited without, but within, full of a selfish pro-slavery spirit. Forty or fifty vessels are constantly employed from this place, in the coasting business, from New-York to the slaveholding States, and from thence to Cuba. In fact, the life and prosperity of these villages are now dependent on the southern States. Puoquonuck lies in Groton, a little village near "Fort Hill," the seat of the great Sassacus, and the fort of the Pequod Indians. Last Sabbath, an appointment was given out for me, at the Baptist conference house, by Elder Steward, a good abolitionist, for an anti-slavery lecture in the evening. The house was filled with an attentive audience, which anon with joy received the words which I uttered for more than two and a half hours. At the close of the meeting, a proposition was made for another meeting on Monday evening. No one objecting, a meeting was accordingly appointed. During the day, the villagers appeared to be greatly excited, and threatenings of a mobocratic nature were breathed forth. Certain men, by the names of *Isaac D. Holmes* and *Gurdon Gates*, captains of coasting vessels to Georgia and Florida, (from which "they bring no small gain,") called together the workmen of like occupation, and said,—Sirs, ye know by this craft we have our wealth. The prosperity of our villages depends upon the South, and the bloody institution of slavery; and ye have heard, that not alone in Mystick, but throughout all the State, this *troubler of Israel* hath persuaded and turned away much people, and hath done much evil—turning the churches, ministers, and the political parties upside down—exasperated our southern gods, by proclaiming them to be bloody, men-stealing, adulterous, and despotic gods; so that if we harbor him, not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought, but the great *god, slavery*, will be despised, and his magnificence (built on human bones, and garnished with human gore,) be destroyed, whom all the United States worshippeth. And when they had heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is the blessing of slavery!

And having caught ——— King, and filled him with rum, they made him their captain, and entered into our place of worship. Then cried *Holmes*,—"*The Georgians will stretch our necks*, if we allow these abolitionists to come into our villages, to speak against slavery." Another said, "They should have to tie up all their vessels in Mystick river, and their villages would be ruined, if they gave heed to anti-slavery sedition." Others, of the "baser sort," yelled and bellowed like the bulls of Bashan, and stamped with their feet, and smote with their fists; and anon, all cried out, "Down with him," "Tar and feather him," "Extinguish their lights." "They (like their masters) love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil." The house was taken possession of by the mobocrats, the lights blown out, and men, women, and children, Christians, philanthropists, and citizens, thrust into the street; the freedom of speech was trampled down by those who talk about liberty, Christianity, and democracy, to appease the bloodthirsty men-stealers of the South.

Thus ended our meeting in Mystick. But abolition is agitating tremendously the whole village, and the seed is springing up and bringing forth good fruit. The churches and ministers (save two Baptist clergymen,) are palsied and petrified into lifeless pro-slavery statues. One told me the people were sufficiently acquainted with slavery, and he thought they needed no lectures on the subject. Mystick affords a practical and mournful illustration of what the North has to do with slavery, and of the bewitching and indomitable influence of the slaveholding power over the people of the North. The sheen of their gold and silver so dazzles their eyes, that they forget God and humanity; and the cowardly threats of the southern tyrants, of withholding their *freebootings*, of dissolving the Union, and of lynching them whenever they dare to travel at the South, beget in the northern people, churches, and clergy, the meanest dough-faced subserviency to men-stealing and soul-murdering southern chivalry! Such servility to the slaveholding southrons could hardly fail to deliver up the wives, daughters, and sons in Mystick, at the beck of their southern masters, to cultivate their cotton fields, sugar plantations, and rice fields, and to gratify their brutal lusts, where they would be "*better off*," and "*more happy*" than they are now in their social and domestic freedom.

Again. Mystick affords a melancholy illustration of the influence of slavery upon our northern churches and clergy.—Captains of vessels and merchant-men (generally wealthy and members of churches,) trade with these *freebooters*, and often marry their daughters; their sons become the planters' lawyers, doctors, and ministers; and they learn how to bluster and threaten, and tell southern ministers and churches how "well off" the poor slaves are, and how "our interference exasperates the slaveholders, and makes the condition of the slaves worse;" and then they threaten to withdraw their support from the ministers and churches if they open their pulpits and preach or pray for the slave, or have any thing to do with abolition. Hence Humanity, with a bleeding heart, and Religion, with her eyes suffused with tears, take their departure, and the ministers watch over their stagnant, torpid organizations, to ward off all exciting questions, crying continually, "peace, peace!" "Away with anti-slavery and moral reform!" and the mob is let loose to guard and protect the churches from every invasion of religion or humanity, calculated to disturb or excite its abominations. Thus the northern churches and clergy literally "justify the wicked for reward." Like the priest and Levite, they show no mercy; and though, like them, they make great pretensions to piety, yet in passing by three millions of their countrymen, who have been stripped of all their rights, and plundered of their wives and children, they manifest as entire a destitution of religion and humanity, as the Priest and Levite did.

In Puoquonuck I held a meeting on Tuesday evening.—Before the meeting commenced, a tumultuous and boisterous uproar was made at the door, led on by professors of religion, who had joined hands with the baser sort, to break up our meeting, though "as much opposed to slavery as any man, *but*." They were determined that no abolition lecture should be delivered in that house. The meeting was a large one, composed of men and women—some noble ones of both sexes.

After the lecture had been continued ten or fifteen minutes, the mobocrats took possession of the floor, smiting their fists, and roaring out stentoriously, commanding me to desist. They declared that I should proceed no further. After an altercation of some ten or fifteen minutes, they took their seats again, and I proceeded a little time, when their hatred to slavery so boiled over, that they with one accord took the floor and surrounded me, and with threats told me I must stop forthwith. The house was thrown into an uproar. Some threats of prosecution were made, but after throwing cold water on the mobocrats and the friends of good order, and giving them a little sprinkling of democracy, and practical non-resistance, a number of the men became ashamed of their mobocratic company, and went over to the side of good order; while the women rebuked the remainder, and one taking her husband (one of the ringleaders,) by the hand, led him off. The remainder quailed, and I was permitted to continue my lecture undisturbed for an hour and a half, when a general expression of satisfaction was manifested. One of the disturbers made his confession, and we parted in a good-natured and friendly mood. Politics was the cause of our disturbance. Politicians, with their *green eyed jealousy*, were afraid of their parties. One openly declared that he would make fifteen votes for his party out of the meeting. This region is thoroughly shaken by abolition.

In East Lyme, Lyme, Montville, Uncasville, and Hebron, I have delivered about fifteen lectures, and the churches, clergy, politicians, and rabble, are greatly agitated thereby, charging me with being an emissary of Great Britain, hired to distract and divide our Union, and help throw it into British power.

Yours for the cause of anti-slavery,
E. D. HUDSON.


## NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1840.

**The Philanthropist.**

We give our readers below the pretty *furious* comment of that *gently* named paper, on an article of the New-York Observer, an approval of it in the Standard, and a hastily, carelessly written letter of our own to the New-Hampshire abolitionists, in our joy at arriving home and among them, from a long voyage to discover "The World's Convention," to which they had sent us, and which, through the usurpations of the London Committee, we did not discover. The readers of the Standard have seen the three obnoxious productions. We send out the commentary and a few notes upon it, as the most convenient way of connecting the two together—to be disposed of as the reader sees fitting.

The New-York Observer is notorious for its jesuitical warfare against abolitionists. The National Anti-Slavery Standard is the organ of the old anti-slavery organization. N. P. Rogers is to be its conductor. (1)

Has the reader carefully examined the foregoing extracts? If not, we wish he would do so. Then, let him explain to himself, and to us, if he can, why so much rancor is betrayed in them all against the World's Convention. (2)

The New-York Observer attempts to throw odium on the motives of the London Committee, which, from the necessity of the case, had to act as the committee of arrangements. (3)

The Standard declares that the Observer "has the right of it." Clarkson was "gagged"—Thompson was gagged "what else could be expected from English new-organizationism?" The Committee "choked down Clarkson, because English interests demanded that British oppression should not become the gazing stock of America." "English new organizationists might be concerned in keeping the horrid enormities of the system away from the world's eye, for they perchance were well paid in the fruits they reaped from it"!!! The foulest hypocrisy is charged by this paper on English abolitionists—"new organization abolitionists," as it calls them. (4)

Mr. Rogers would sooner trust the anti-slavery enterprise "in the hands of our pro-slavery mob, than with the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society." (5) "They don't *begin* to be abolitionists." (6) They would be more likely to join the Colonization Society." (7) Not content with abusing British abolitionists, in language as harsh as he has ever used towards the slaveholder, he belabors every thing on British soil, and the soil itself. (8) "They have no freedom in Great Britain—and how can they have anti-slavery there?" "British liberty walks under guard"—"new organization crept over the water," and "conspired with it to razee the World's Convention to a seven-by-nine London Conference." (9)

Who are the men thus denounced, as having an interest in the profits of British oppression, and therefore being unwilling to have its horrors exposed—as worse than a pro-slavery mob (10)—as a combination of gaggers? Sturge, Scoble, Alexander, Lushington, indeed all (with two or three exceptions) who have been chief agents in the exposure and overthrow of British oppression in the West Indies. Who are the people thus abused, as having no freedom among them, and therefore no anti-slavery? (11) A people, first in modern times to establish the fundamental principles of human liberty (12)—a people, from whom this nation has derived its doctrines of human rights (13)—a people that has compelled its government to do justice to the down-trodden negro, and cheerfully given twenty millions sterling for the sake of abolishing slavery (14)—a people, that at this moment is nobly submitting to pay exorbitant prices for some of the luxuries of life, rather than give an indirect stimulus to the employment of slave labor (15)—a people, whose glory it is, to stand foremost in zealous and efficient effort against slavery and the slave-trade throughout the world. (16) But, they have no freedom among them, says Mr. Rogers, "and how can they have anti-slavery there"? (17)

British abolitionists, after having consummated the great work of abolition in the West Indies, organize a society for the extinction of slavery and the slave-trade every where. The platform of their association is, the inherent sinfulness of slavery, and the duty of immediate, unconditional abolition. They hold that the right way to abolish the slave-trade, is to put an end to slavery; and they stand pledged to use no other than *peaceful* means in the prosecution of their enterprise. The grandeur of their object, however, does not lead them to forget the emancipated in the British colonies, over whose rights and interests they now watch with as uninterrmitted assuduity as if they were their own offspring. These men, the Standard, Observer, and N. P. Rogers, hold up to contempt and the most cruel suspicion. (18)

"Surely there ought to be weighty reasons for their conduct. But, what are the reasons?

1. The Convention declined receiving female delegates as members. (19)

2 The London Committee waited on Mr. Clarkson, and prevailed on him to omit a certain portion of his speech.

These are the only charges brought against the committee. These, and these alone, are the reasons why such anathemas are declared. (20)

Now we put it to any right-minded man, be he an advocate of woman's rights or not, (21) ought the action of the Convention in regard to female delegates to strip it of all claim to the confidence and regard of abolitionists? (22) In our opinion that body did wrong in refusing to acknowledge the credentials of any class of delegates. The same power that gave W. L. Garrison a right to sit in that Convention, conferred authority on Lucretia Mott. She ought to have been received on the ground of her credentials. (23) Such a course would not have involved the Convention in any expression of opinion for or against woman's rights, technically so called. But this was a new question in Great Britain. (24) It took them all by surprise. (25) There, more than here, a prejudice prevails against the public action of women in association with men. (26) The ladies, we are told, had not even been accustomed to attend, as spectators, the business meetings of the gentlemen. (27) In view of these circumstances, is it any wonder that the decision of the Convention was not agreeable to the advocates of woman's rights? (28) But what kind of stuff are they made of, if they cannot excuse this single offence of a body so circumstanced? (29) Was its sin in this matter so great, as to warrant the venomous hostility shown against it by Mr. Rogers and the National Standard? (30) Examine its proceedings. See the devoted zeal, the uncompromising principle, the sublime philanthropy, the high intelligence that characterized them! (31) And yet, because it committed an error in one point, all its good and wise acts must go for nothing! (32)

"But then its conduct about that East India affair." Here the Observer and Standard have great unity of spirit. With no real ground for suspicion, both apparently seeking cause for censure, unite most cordially in vilifying the character of many of the most distinguished British philanthropists.—They would not suffer the offensive paragraphs in Mr. Clarkson's speech to appear, because it "would not do to be laughed at!" The Standard, in a coarse style, guesses they were silent, because well paid in the profits of East India oppression! And this in the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society!! Call you this old-fashioned abolitionism!

We have been long desirous of knowing why the London Committee interfered with Mr. Clarkson.—And the reason is at last divulged. The part in his speech suppressed had reference to a question of party politics, in which it was thought unwise to embroil the Convention. This, and not any desire to screen from the world's gaze a system of villany, was the reason for the course of the London Committee. We commend the following, from the New Haven Observer, to the attention of the reader.

"At a Convention assembled in Hartford, 26th Aug. for the purpose of hearing reports and addresses from several gentlemen, who attended the late Convention in London, John T. Norton, Esq. opened the public services of the afternoon, with a written report, which he read, of the doings of the Convention referred to, accompanied with a more extended refutation of the charges which have been brought against that body by some American papers, than was contained in his letter to us. The only point on which any new light was thrown, respects the suppression of that part of Mr. Clarkson's address, which relates to slavery in the British East Indies. Mr. Norton states that the part omitted had reference to a question of party politics, in which it was thought unwise to embroil the Convention—and that so far from wishing to conceal the remaining oppressions under British rule, the Convention appointed Prof. Adam to bring in a full report of the enormities of East India servitude, which he did. Besides this, the whole course of the leading members of the convention should shield them from a suspicion of endeavoring to hide evils, which for years they have been engaged in exposing and denouncing." (33)

After this explanation, let us ask the reader, what kind of a spirit must have given birth to the denunciations we have censured?"

A word further respecting the Standard. A chief part of its task from week to week seems to be to war on the third party scheme, as it is styled. It does not say that there is any intrinsic harm in voting. It will not deny that Mr. Birney is well qualified to fill the office for which he is nominated. It knows that the electoral ticket for his support will not be withdrawn. It acknowledges that both the other candidates are really unfit for any office in our republic. And it is not so blind as not to see, that the great danger now is, not that abolitionists will vote for Mr. Birney, but that they will contradict their principles, by supporting tickets pledged to slavery. And yet, it does not manifest half so much anxiety to expose the systematic subservience of parties, and prevent abolitionists from supporting Harrison or Van Buren, as to prove the futility of a third nomination, and prevent abolitionists from sustaining a candidate, of signal merit as a citizen, and holding their own principles. Grant that a third ticket is a visionary project so far as success may be contemplated, still it is before the people. It is pledged to sound principles. The Standard says that it is wrong to vote for either Harrison or Van Buren, and would prefer the scattering system. Why then should it lay out so much effort to prevent abolitionists from scattering their votes on Birney? What can its conductors mean by such an article as appeared in a late number, noticing our review of Mr. Rankin's letter? We appeal to any one who read that article, whether its real tendency, notwithstanding a cold disclaimer by the writer, was not to mystify the subject of political action, and rather encourage abolitionists to vote for Gen. Harrison. We know not whether this was the intention of the article: we hardly think it was. The Standard has made it an article of its creed, that to scatter, is better than to concentrate. The Birney ticket is therefore a great heresy. It is a departure from the old platform, we suppose. This perhaps is reason enough why the Standard should make it a systematic business to assail this measure. In its zeal against it, however, it does not hesitate to resort to the most unfair species of tactics. In the article alluded to, for instance, it declares its conviction to be increasing, that this independent abolition is in reality as much a crusade against the whig party as any thing else: thus adopting the most vulgar slang of our opponents. We wish the friends of the Standard in Ohio to consider this matter. We have taken no part in the Eastern controversy, neither shall we. (34) Our remarks now are not dictated by any feelings we cherish respecting that matter. The reason why we speak is, that we see indications of what seems to be a settled determination on the part of the Standard and its friends to abuse and proscribe every thing and every body, that has not the mark of their approbation.

What else could impel them to such an attack upon the British abolitionists? What else could inflame them with such uncalled-for zeal against the measure of independent nominations! (35)

In a late number of the Standard is an article under the editorial head, giving some account of the doings of the State Convention of political abolitionists at Syracuse. Take the following as a fair specimen of the whole article.

"Gerrit Smith opened the meeting with prayer. It came out in the earlier part of the meeting, whether intentionally or not we do not pretend to say, that "somebody had been making application to a "savage," to know if he would not accept the nomination for Governor, *provided* they would choose him. This fact was mentioned in a letter from Joshua Leavitt, and the application has been made in this city. What a development is here! Abolitionists in the city of New York, who have sat under the teachings of the Executive Committee for years, who have had no "extraneous topics" to distract their minds, who have been indoctrinated into the "divinity of human government," and the "pertinency and significance of the ballot box," who have been told by their leaders that it was evil to trifle with the right and power of suffrage, who have heard it said so often that it has grown stale, no man could belong to the Whig party and be an abolitionist: for them to ply a hoary-headed pro-slavery Judge with the offer of a nomination for Governor of the State of New York, if he would only come out and say he was an Abolitionist. Shame! shame!! Is this the purity of New-York City Abolitionism? Lay this fact by the side of Lewis Tappan's letter to the National Intelligencer, and the refusal to incorporate *a pledge to vote*, into the constitution of the new organization, and you have a clew to guide you to the depths of as much of rottenness, so far as political action is concerned, as can be found within the bounds of any Anti-Slavery Society in this country.

We ask but this one fact to convince us that the party embodies, while as yet in its crysalis state, the elements of corruption. It is as good as a hundred."

The whole article is kindred in spirit. But, the only circumstance stated, warranting such conclusions respecting our third party brethren, is the one given above. It will be seen, that this was entirely indefinite. The writer did not know, and so far as the narrative goes, did not inquire into all the circumstances of the case. An application had been made to Judge Savage, and that was enough to ruin the Convention. Common charity might have suggested, that the application may have been made in such a way as to sacrifice no principle. Now what is the truth in the case? It is given in a following number of the Standard, in a letter from Gerrit Smith. We give the letter entire.

"*Peterboro', August 17th*, 1840.

*To the Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

Sir—I have this moment read your account of the late Anti-Slavery Convention at Syracuse. To those who love to see the friends of the slave shown up in a character of unprincipled, ridiculous fellows, the account will afford great amusement. But those will be afflicted by it, who are tender of the reputation of abolitionists, and who feel how important it is for the slave to preserve that reputation unsullied and its power undiminished.

On what you say of myself—whether it be your declaration, that I "opened the meeting with prayer," (Elder Blain opened the meeting with prayer,) or your declaration of any thing else respecting myself, I have no remarks to make. Nor have I any remarks to make on your inference, that the political abolition "party embodies the elements of corruption," because certain persons in the city of New York have done what you ascribe to them. But as your proof, that these persons have done a wrong thing, (I know not that they have done it) is "in a letter from Joshua Leavitt;" and as the letter referred to is doubtless one which I received from Mr. Leavitt, the morning of the Convention, it is my duty to furnish the public, through the columns of your paper, with an extract from that letter of every word in it that respects the nomination of Judge Savage.

'I hope great wisdom may be given to the Convention at Syracuse. It is a most important movement. Should the Convention obtain the hearty consent of Judge Savage to accept our nomination, I should highly rejoice that he might receive it. His personal worth, his firmness in standing by Mr. Delavan on the temperance subject, his pure democratic principles, would make his name a great acquisition to our cause—if we can obtain it. But I hope no circumvention or concession will be used or tolerated. Better to take the humblest man in our ranks, than to run the risk of giving elevation to a man who will desert our cause in the hour of need.'

Respectfully yours,
Gerrit Smith."

We ask any candid man; is there any thing in the real fact, as thus stated, to warrant such comments as those of the Standard?

The Standard needs watching. We shall think better of its spirit, when we see it less disposed to assail abolitionists, more in earnest in its warfare on the common enemy; less intent on ridiculing men who think it right to vote for their principles, and more zealous in exposing the inconsistency and ruinous policy of voting for pro-slavery men. (36)

(1) We have no fault to find with either of these *three grave* allegations!

(2) They betray no "rancor" against "*The World's Convention.*" The very existence of that glorious assemblage was prevented by the London Committee, against whom all the remarks are made. We complained of that Committee for combining with "American and Foreign" new organization, to baffle American abolitionists, and the free, *old-organized* spirits abroad, of their contemplated Convention. The Philanthropist talks of "rancor." We have not given that Committee their deserts yet, nor their accomplices from our side the water. We owe it to our constituents of New-Hampshire and the American Society, to censure them in sterner terms, for the deep insult they intended to heap upon them; and we shall endeavor in due season to discharge the debt. We feel we have scarcely begun to do it yet. It is no small offence to insult the abolitionists of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and the National Society, and dishonor their solemn credentials.

(3) This necessity was their own usurpation. They were not obliged to be, and *had no right to be* "committee of arrangements" any farther than providing a place for the Convention, and giving notice of the place and time of meeting. For further arrangements the Convention would have provided, had it been a free one. It would have chosen its own Committee, and not attached itself, like a kite's tail, to the train of the British and Foreign Society. The London Committee issued its *tickets of admission!* We marvel that such men as Phillips, Bradburn and Miller took them. We should not have presented the credentials of the New-Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, or the American A. S. Society, so far as we were concerned in them, to any body but "The World's Convention," or the Roll Committee by them duly authorized to receive them. We should have taken no tickets of admission, and then had they rejected any one, duly delegated by an anti-slavery body, the first step to be taken, in our mind, would have been to protest against the usurpation, and have made it a special *anti-slavery enterprise* to defeat it. It would have done more good to mankind, and accomplished more for liberty, a hundred fold, to have put down that exclusive spirit in the organization, than to have heard *statistics from every British province, the world over*, for a month together. But London was not the best place to do this: England was not. It might have been done there, though, we think, if a consultation of the friends of freedom there and here could have been had seasonably before the meeting, O'Connell, and Thompson, and Garrison, and the other free spirits from the old world and the new, would, we believe, have prevailed to organize that meeting in accordance with the original intent of it. What a disgraceful result would it have prevented!

(4) What were the motives for their interference with Clarkson, we never conjectured, nor inquired. We were so displeased with the whole aspect and *manage* of the meeting, that we did not think much of this particular.—They had clearly no business to interfere with him, however, from *any motives*. They should have been *individual* members of the Convention, and nothing more—equal with all other members. Their treatment of Thompson was palpable. The man who, in a free Convention, would have been heard most readily of all men, scarcely spoke in this. It is enough to condemn the whole affair with American abolitionists, that George Thompson could not be heard in it, or was not heard. And their behavior when Wendell Phillips presented William Adam's Protest, drawn with all the moderation and carefulness of that distinguished writer, and signed by the flower of the American delegation, was enough to cover the body with shame. They would not allow members to protest, and yet pretended to be an anti-slavery meeting! They treated the Protest pretty much as our slaveholding Congress did the slaves' petition, *mentioned* to them by John Quincy Adams. We know nothing about their connection with the East India Company. We judged them by their open acts, and by their demeanor; and they were exclusive and unwarrantable in a high degree.

(5) We assuredly would. Not that we think our mob would conduct it *very favorably* to the poor slave, but we had rather undertake to convert our mob to abolitionism than the British Committee. They are nearer abolitionism than that Committee. That Committee do not hold to the lowest principles of republicanism. They deny our Declaration of Independence, *in theory, even*. Our mob hold to it, *in the abstract*.

(6) No—not to be such abolitionists as we want, and as ours are. We do not expect them to *begin*. They are in favor of West India emancipation. They think it is safe. They hold it is profitable, and by and by will yield cheaper sugar. They are decidedly against American slaveholding, while they live in Britain, and have no prejudice against a colored man. They never had occasion for it. But bring them *here*, and see if they would venture on to our old platform, and sit beside "niggers," and laborers, and women! See if they would listen to a resolution penned by Maria W. Chapman, or Abby Kelly, as members of a business committee. No, they would as soon do treason against their *Queen's* most gracious majesty, as be seen on a level, in *intellect* and *opinion*, with *women!*

(7) Much more, than to join the Old American Society.—They might join "the American and *Foreign*." That Society comes down to their mark, or would. Its representatives did in London. Let not the Philanthropist marvel at this, when he has to consider that that Committee is made up of English subjects *now organized*. Even *New*-England new organization thinks it going out of the way to attack Colonization here. Birney attacks it abroad. We think he would spare it in New-England *now*. At any rate, he would be requested to, by our new organizationists.

(8) No, no—not the "*soil*," but the vassalism of the culture. We do not *belabor* the soil of Britain. That has been long enough belabored by half-paid, "bread-taxed" toil, as Ebenezer Elliott, of Sheffield, the "Corn-Law Rhymer," calls it. *Tenant* hands, oppressed by lordly owners of miles of that beautiful surface, have cultivated those fairy-looking fields, and they look like it. The whole aspect of the country looks like restraint. The Corn-Law Genius seems to brood over the whole landscape. But this may have been our *republican* fancy. We don't complain of the London Committee for that. *They wear the same aspect.*

(9) And did it not do so? and where is the Philanthropist's voice of condemnation for it? Dumb. He has not a word of fault to find with all this, but is prompt enough to fall upon us, for extravagant language. We repeat that charge. It did *creep* over the water, and countenance the smothering of that Convention. For British agency in that management we are inclined to make liberal allowance.—The British are subjects of monarchy. They are not born and bred amid professions of freedom, like ourselves. There are among them the finest spirits in the world, though they do not chance to be of the London Committee. We make due allowance for the committee, that they are *subjects*.—We make no such allowance for those Americans, who conspired with them to spoil us of our Convention. They *have been abolitionists* as well as republicans, and have attended *anti-slavery meetings*. One thing we retract, with the Philanthropist's permission. We retract the dimensions we allowed the Conference. Comparatively, they are altogether too liberal. Compared to the Convention that was called, and to which we were delegated, it was not a 7 by 9 Conference. We do not allow it *any dimensions* at all. It was a minus. We will relieve the Philanthropist thus far, by sincere recantation. If he had gone over the brine from Cincinnati, as we did from Concord, he would acknowledge the propriety of this. He ought to see it now.

(10) Not "worse." The Philanthropist will be careful not to misquote. Fault-finders must state what they find fault with, *truly*. We did not say "worse." We said and meant, less liberal-minded, narrower-spirited, not so open to conviction. Our mob is redder and more violent than the London Committee, but it would scorn to thrust women out of a meeting where it would stay itself, and would not presume to exercise control over a meeting it was merely authorized to *call*. It would not venture to transform the meeting so as to cheat the expectations of those in whose behalf it called it.

(11) Is it abusing Englishmen to say they are "subject"? Are they not? The free-souled among them feel it,—although, as an intelligent young man in Manchester told us, when we described to him the subject condition of his country compared with ours, "being brought up to it, they are insensible of it." They are ridden by monarchy, aristocracy, hierarchy, and military. The exceptions to want of anti-slavery are not "two or three"—they are many, and they will be more; and their estimation of the London Committee is like our own.

(12) To wit—"the fundamental principle of human liberty," which they tried to establish over us at the point of the bayonet, in the days of the Revolution—the principle of "taxation without representation," such as new organization imposes on anti-slavery women. They have scourged the highway of nations with their *highwayman* war ships, and "dotted over the whole earth's surface with their military posts," to *keep down* human liberty. Their Church and State are united together, and maintained by armed force. They keep an army of 200,000 armed butchers to overawe mankind, and maintain forced submission to their tyranny. The Prince of War, and not the Prince of Peace, is the captain under whom their church marches. Their churches are crowded with monuments to Mars, the heathen god of war, and in memory of his distinguished worshippers and devotees. *They* "establish the fundamental principles of human liberty!" They have trodden human liberty herself in the dust, and rode over her, rough-shod, with the iron hoof of war. Austria may mistake Britain for a land of free principles, but let not a professed abolitionist of America. Fergus O'Conner pines in York Castle for entertaining and expressing some of our lower principles of republicanism. The whole British population is besprinkled with *red coats* and police *uniform*, to keep down a crushed and perishing people; and the "fundamental principles" of England are *stacked* away, burnished, and ready for use, in the old Tower of London, in the form of 100,000 bayoneted muskets.

(13) They taught us to enslave our colored people. We learned of them the slave trade and the slave system, and we were apt scholars. They never taught us republicanism. We own that our slaveholding now makes us the scorn and jest of Britain and of Turkey. Don't let us lower our abolitionism, till *that* shall. We have learned something of the principles of li

had a prejudice against them—a *well-founded prejudice!*" So have Sturge, and Scoble, and others a "well-founded" contempt of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and of their delegates, male and female, though they were extremely civil and polite to both. But they could not reject the one when they asked him to take a seat, from which they had ejected the other.

(27) Have they not been *allowed* to, in that land, from which we have "derived our doctrines of human rights"!

(28) No wonder at all. The wonder is, that anti-slavery *American* editors can be found, who justify them in it, or condemn them so gently, that it amounts to entire excuse. Dr. Channing does not excuse the slaveholders so gently.

(29) "Of what stuff" is the Philanthropist, that he falls on us in this manner! It really makes us feel, returning exhausted and disappointed from our great journey, as Henry Percy felt at being molested by the dandy, when he was "lame with wounds, and leaning on his spear," at Holmedon. We really lack patience, yet we indulge in nothing of the temper of "Hotspur." We can forgive the Philanthropist, for his attack is personal. We do not forgive the London Committee, for they outraged the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

(30) This is the very style and spirit of *new-organization*.

(31) They *zealously* rejected anti-slavery delegates sent 3000 miles! They *uncompromisingly* assumed to treat American anti-slavery with contempt. They *sublimely* triumphed in a victory of prejudice over reason and right; and with lofty *intelligence*, they discovered the profoundest unacquaintance with the plainest principles of organizing delegated assemblies, &c., &c., &c.

(32) [These notes multiply, but they are not all long ones.] To this we reply, that it misrepresents us grossly. The recorded resolves and doings of the Conference we have distinctly and decidedly approved of, and have intimated nothing to the contrary,—though they are rather stale as to or of the truism.

(33) One thing we here just state. The London Committee is as hostile to the British India Society, as new-organization here is to old, and the contest between that Society,—with William Adam, George Thompson, and Daniel O'Connell at its head, and the London Committee, is an accurate counterpart to our conflict here with this wolf in anti-slavery, new-organization clothing. Judge, then, why poor old Mr. Clarkson should be importuned to keep *British India* out of his speech. We regret he had not vigor enough to rebuke the impertinent Committee, and to learn them their place.

(34) O no! no part in the controversy—entire neutrality! We tell the Philanthropist he does take part, and takes it with new-organizationists. He can't be neutral. A professed abolitionist, who does not decidedly condemn the defection, countenances it. Neutrality is new-organization as much as neutrality in the anti-slavery enterprize is pro-slavery. But mark the new-organization vein in all these remarks about voting for the Birney ticket.

(35) We are glad to see this coupling of the "independent nominations" with "British abolitionists." The Philanthropist affirms both. We can scarcely part with this article. It is so full of ill desert. But we have nearly exhausted the figures in the arithmetic, numbering our notes, and the patience of the reader, as well as our own eyes and hands. It is painful to contend with professed abolitionists. The cause demands it. We must rectify matters within the cause, before we can be safe against the open enemy or sure to conquer him. Some of our friends will think we are "denunciatory," who will not have discovered that Dr. Bailey was so in his assault. That charge we are obliged to incur. We feel, too, entitled to as much indulgence, on the part of our friends, as they are ready to grant the enemy, in their *denunciation* of us.

(36) The common cant of pro-slavery and new-organization: Who assails abolitionists with more bitterness than the *Philanthropist* here sheds against us? Are *we abolitionists?* We make no professions. "The Standard needs watching." Let the watchers take heed.

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MAINE.—Not having received the last Advocate of Freedom, we have no intelligence of any importance from this State. From the Christian Freeman, we learn that the Hancock and Washington Association of Universalists, at a recent meeting, was agitated by a discussion of the subject of slavery. A series of resolutions, touching man's common brotherhood, his inalienable rights, &c., was introduced by Mr. Blacker. These resolutions were, however, withdrawn, and the following, offered by Mr. Abell, was adopted:

*Resolved*, That as Universalists, we deprecate the existence of all slavery, whether it be physical or moral; but that, in the present state of our cause, we believe it inexpedient to agitate questions relative to southern slavery, as they pertain rather to political than ecclesiastical action.

The plain English of this is, that in the present state of *our sect*—composed, in part, of pro-slavery men and slaveholders,—it is *inexpedient* for us to manifest any sympathy for the wronged and plundered slaves at the South, or to obey God by opening our mouths for the dumb! And yet these men would have us believe that they are, *par excellence*, the friends of the whole human race! We ask the editor of the Christian Freeman how he could reconcile it to his conscience as an abolitionist, and as the editor of a paper claiming support on anti-slavery grounds, to publish this record of the criminal indifference of a body of his ministerial brethren to the claims of suffering humanity, without a single word of remonstrance and rebuke? Does he regard the peace of the church, while in such a condition, as paramount to the cause of the slave?

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NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—The industry and perseverance of the "lap water" band in the granite State are worthy of imitation by the friends of the cause in all parts of the country. The reports of the faithful agents, Pillsbury and French, in the Herald of Freedom, are full of encouragement, because they exhibit a spirit which can neither be terrified nor conquered by all the devices of the enemy.—Brother Pillsbury thus alludes to the inconsistency of a large proportion of the anti-slavery politicians, who require their candidates for civil office to sustain a higher character than those whom they support as ministers of the gospel!

The doctrine has gone abroad from some of the self-styled abolition presses, and is inculcated by some of the so-called abolition agents, that men ought not to vote for; but the out-spoken friends of the slave, while at the same time they are on the best of terms with nearly every pro-slavery minister in the North. They have never rebuked any man, for aiding to support in the sacred office *colonizationists*, and even those who are still more hostile to the rights of the poor negro, if such can be found. Instead of this they have severely rebuked those who have done what they believed their duty in this respect, and have given the course of such, as one reason for their late mutinous proceedings. But they have been loud in their denunciations of those abolitionists, who will put men in places of civil trust that are no more the enemies of true liberty, than are some of the clergy who are their "dear brothers" and with whom they can even "take sweet counsel."

By the following notice, which appears in the Herald of the 23d ult, it will be seen that a portion of the abolitionists of Concord are determined no longer to support pro-slavery pulpits and churches:

☞ *Meeting in the Hall over the Concord Bank.*—We apprise our anti-slavery friends that a free meeting is held every Sunday, during the ordinary hours of religious service, at this place. The exercises are occasionally preaching from brother Pillsbury—religious exhortation, prayer, singing, and familiar discussion of religious principles and duties, in the light of the Holy Scriptures. The meetings thus far have been of a highly interesting, and, we trust, a profitable character. We bless God that at this day we enjoy liberty of conscience to assemble ourselves together without incurring any other penal consequences than the impotent scowl of sectarianism and the malignant scorn of the ungodly world. The days of the faggot and the stocks, and the thumb-screws are gone by in New-Hampshire.

The following paragraph contains an admonition which cannot be too earnestly commended to the notice of abolitionists in every section of the country:

My brother, let me remind you and the readers of your paper, that our trust must be in nothing but the Omnipotent God and the integrity of our principles. Nothing else can sustain us in this "evil day." Numbers we have not.—Nothing, nothing have we, but God and truth. Let those then who have not faith in God, or else who are not firm as the everlasting mountains in their belief in the integrity of our principles, retire. Better far for them and us too, that they leave us. They must be miserable themselves while with us, and can do us no real good.

### The Anti-Slavery Invitation.

A PLATFORM FOR ALL!

In these degenerate times of "new organization," when the evil spirit of sectarianism has entered the anti-slavery fold, and led captive some of the earliest champions of the cause; and when so many are laboring with all their might to eject from the platform our most devoted and efficient helpers, either on account of their sex, or their unpopularity with the pro-slavery community; it is refreshing to turn over the pages of our periodicals of former years, and to mark the numerous illustrations they furnish of the free and generous spirit which once animated our united and invincible host. In a recent examination of the three volumes of the Anti-Slavery Record, edited by ELIZUR WRIGHT, and published by the American Anti-Slavery Society, we found some choice gems, which it is our intention to republish as we have opportunity. They will show how widely our seceding brethren have departed from the faith which they once delighted to honor and gloried in defending. Among those gems, was the following thrilling poetical effusion, from the pen and heart of a WOMAN. It is a sublime and touching appeal to persons of every occupation, sex, clime and caste, to "JOIN" (mark the word!) in the "holy crusade" against slavery. It shows the extent of the anti-slavery platform—AS IT WAS—before the profane tool of "new organization" was lifted up to mar its beauty and destroy the harmony of its fair proportions—and AS IT IS, at this moment, under the faithful guardianship of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Friends of freedom and humanity! as you read these thrilling lines, let your hearts swell with gratitude to the God of the oppressed, that, in spite of the malice of open enemies and the treachery of professed friends, the Society which first sent them forth to rekindle in the breasts of your countrymen those fires of philanthropy which ignorance and selfishness had well nigh smothered, STILL LIVES, to make the same appeal, and to speak in the same earnest and beseeching tone, on behalf of outraged human nature, to

"*All* who on the land or sea,
Dwell or roam at liberty."

We call the attention of our seceding brethren to this appeal, and ask them to think of their recent course in the light of the genuine old anti-slavery spirit which it breathes. Will they dare to say, after reading it, that the "maidens," "mothers," and "infants" of the land have no right to a place on the anti-slavery platform? Will they deny that the invitation was addresed to them as well as to the "fathers" and "sages" of the country? But we are detaining the reader from the poetry.

Monarch! on thy throne of power—
Maiden! in thy silent bower—
Sailor! o'er the bright blue sea—
Laborer! neath the forest tree—
Painter! forms on canvass throwing,
With more than mortal beauty glowing—
Poet! in thy bright Ideal,
Blending the fancied with the real,
Till common things and faded seem
Fresh, from the splendors of thy dream—
Mother! with thy babe at rest,
Softly pillowed on thy breast—
Father! at thy happy hearth—
Infant! in thy careless mirth—
Sage! enwrapt 'mid ancient lore—
Peasant! at thy cottage door—
Saint! whose offering of prayer,
Angels unto Heaven bear—
*All* who on the land or sea
Dwell or roam at liberty,
Fair, and Wise, and Good, and Brave,
JOIN to *free* the outcast Slave!
JOIN! in crusade holier far,
Than that 'gainst mosque and scimitar—
*Join* by the ties of earthly love,—
Join by the hope of bliss above,—
Join by the seal of Heaven, imprest
By GOD himself in human breast,—
Join for his sake whose pitying care,
All castes and every color share!
Slavery breaks the highest laws,
Wrests justice from the poor man's cause,
Rends asunder friend and brother,
Parts for ever child and mother.
Pleasure in the bud is blighted,
The rising day of Hope benighted,
All that 's high in man—effaced,
All in woman pure—debased,
Each trace of lineage from on high,
Worn out and lost by Slavery!
Oh! join, nor let the fertile soil
Be cursed by unrequited toil,
Nor the bright sun from his high path behold
Man by his brother mortal bought and sold!
Immortal man, by man immortal, driven
Far from the only hope to mortals given—
Oh! *join*, and warn the Tyrant, ere too late,
What from offended GOD must be his fate,
*Join* 'till erect each drooping head ye see,
Each fetter broken, all the oppressed gone free;
'Till Peace to *all* her many colored bow displays,
And all unite to sing a common Father's praise!

ANNA.

A BOLD PROPOSITION.—Thomas Morris, of Ohio, in a letter to the editor of the Philanthropist, proposes "that the anti-slavery men in each State choose a delegate to attend at the city of Washington during the next session of Congress, and the like number at each succeeding session, if necessary; that they there form an organized body, holding daily sessions, if thought proper; that they collect all possible information on the subject of American slavery, and also on the system as it exists in other parts of the world; that they note with accuracy all proceedings of Congress and public men, at Washington, on this important question; that they keep a daily journal of their proceedings, and publish the same as may be directed; all their acts to be done with open doors, that every person who wishes may hear and understand what they do." We confess that the proposition appears to us to be worthy of serious consideration. No measure could serve more effectually to "agitate" the whole country, and call public attention to our national crime. It would also enable us to determine what measure of liberty may be enjoyed in the District of Columbia, and put to the test the professions of northern Democrats and Whigs of a sacred regard for the freedom of speech and of the press. We shall publish the letter of Mr. Morris next week. Meanwhile, we ask our readers to consider his proposition, that they may be prepared to act upon it as the best interests of the cause require.

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OHIO.—The Philanthropist of the 28th ult. says: "We are not disheartened. Prospects are brightening. The anti-slavery cause every day is taking a firmer hold of the public mind in Ohio." The editor adds, that "there is now every prospect of a vigorous winter campaign," and that it is in contemplation to hold district Conventions in various parts of the State, and also a great State Convention at Columbus during the session of the Legislature, to "give countenance and support to the petitions and memorials" with which it is proposed to overwhelm that body.

The following paragraph conveys information of a very cheering character:

The Cincinnati Synod, of which Drs. Beecher and Stowe are members, at its late meeting in Troy, took very decided abolition-ground against slavery. Great harmony of sentiment, we are informed, prevailed on the occasion, and all appeared to feel a deep interest in the condition of the slave. Mr. Rankin, according to appointment, delivered a strong abolition discourse; and Mr. Blanchard was chosen to preach the next annual sermon on the subject. The churches in this section of country will not be suffered to sleep over this great question, while such men as Rankin and Blanchard can find voice to proclaim God's denunciation against the sin of oppression.

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MANHATTAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—An account of the late meeting of this Society will be found in another column. The address of C. C. Burleigh was all that his reputation as a speaker, led us to anticipate—sound in principle, logical in argument, and in spirit, fervid and animating. The audience, though not as numerous as we could have wished, was yet respectable in point of numbers. The anecdotes related by our venerable friend, Isaac T. Hopper, and the spirited remarks of Messrs. Hudson, Van Rensalear and Powell, added much to the interest of the meeting.

### From our Boston Correspondent.

BOSTON, November 1st, 1840.

*To the Editor of the National A. S. Standard:*

DEAR FRIEND:—Agreeably to my promise, I seize a moment of rest between two undertakings for our cause, to write to you. It will be *only* the fulfilment of a promise, for I have no news:—Not my fault, that; but *my* misfortune, and *your* happiness—if *no* news is *good* news. Still, the field shall be gleaned over for you, and all the small grains that may have escaped shall be secured. You will grieve to learn that George Bradburn has succumbed to the Harrison host of temptations. "Half a loaf is better than no bread, of two evils choose the least, and of a hundred interests secure ninety-nine." These poor tempted and yielding political men will learn, too late, that it is not bread, but a stone, that the tempter has given them; and that the greatest evil to the human soul is the consciousness of having *chosen* an evil, of any, the smallest size; and that the greatest evil to the cause is the deficiency of that quality felicitously called *grit* in its friends. When does a *slaveholder* do such a thing! Never. *His* heart is really bound up in his cause; and when the heart of the abolitionist is more than as much so in the cause of freedom, we may look to see that cause triumphant. Bradburn has yielded this point. It is melancholy—but David Lee Child has come off conquerer, and that comforts us. He has, of course, all the Whigs of Northampton, and the region thereabouts, after him in full cry. He will find, I think, the ninety-nine interests will take care of themselves. He has chosen righteousness, and the ninety-nine *interests* will be added unto him. Cheerly, then, friend! there are seven thousand yet that have not bowed the knee to Baal, Mammon, or Lucifer, or any of their subalterns. The wedge-like shape of the host is preserved, notwithstanding the heavy fire under which it advances. Something in this way it moves onward:

A
B B B B
C C C C C C C
AVOIZOANNA ENAM
DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD

*A* represents the conductors of the Liberator, Standard, and Herald of Freedom—emphatically the advanced-guard.

*B*—The old organization in New-Hampshire and Massachusetts.

*C*—A more numerous troop, but not so far advanced into the enemy's country—representing Pennsylvania and some other States.

The next line presents a *heterogeneous* aspect, at first view; but on close examination, the reader will find the letters which are required to spell "new organization." This division of the army is very appropriately represented in a *seceding* position—in other words, in full *retreat!*

*D*—Represents the rest of the world. Their faces are the way they should be, and their next step will be an advance, though they may be somewhat disconcerted by the seceders, who are jostling them back. The seceders feel much ashamed. They *say* they are disgusted with *movement*, and mean to stand where they began. But the nature of the ground renders it impossible. All who are not rolling their massive burden *up* hill, are letting it "thunder impetuous down," like the Sysyphian stone of old; and it crushes their ranks sadly as it descends! Some of them are spending their strength to get their whilome fellow-soldiers into the same category with themselves. What is the use of these *ranks?* they say. What's the comfort of standing shoulder to shoulder? *We* don't stand so. Had you not better all disband and throng into a little crowd? Can we get to the top by writing instead of fighting? "A Committee of correspondence!" eh? O John! thou art very like an ostrich, who thinks his unsightly legs and feet unobserved, because his head is so skilfully buried. Bethink thee that birds of another feather—the eagles and the doves, for instance—that perch upon the Standard of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will not even peck at the ten-penny nails thou presentest to them—the leavings of *thy* last meal, and which even thou beginnest to find indigestible. They reply to thee civilly, but their uniform answer will be, that they perfectly admire the abundant garnish of the mess, but as for the mess itself—thou must excuse them for not partaking of it.

[To understand this allusion, our readers must have read the communication of John G. Whittier to the Pennsylvania Freeman; in which, after a column of "garnish," comes the proposition, hardly disguised, to dissolve the American Anti-Slavery Society! He *says*, "Societies," but he has labored *for* the new, and *against* the old organization, too long, to leave us in doubt as to his meaning.—*Ed. Standard.*]

I am glad to see in your paper, as recently arranged, a place for books. There is one book that some friend here will review for you, if you wish an article and extracts. I am convinced that any pains you take, will not be in vain for the cause, if you can get that book republished. It is "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw;" a romance, yet no fiction; wholly unlike, yet not inferior to Archy Moore. It was published in England in 1836, and inscribed "to those States of the American Union which have abolished, or have never permitted slavery." And so terrified are the States, that no bookseller dare republish it! The Harpers, I have heard, commenced the publication, but were not *able to afford the consequences*, which they were given to understand would ensue. It is a three volumed novel, (of about a thousand pages in all,) and one of the most powerful delineations I ever read. The pictures of the southern cities—the way of getting up mobs—the strength of prejudice—the sketching and grouping of the characters—are all wonderfully well done, and made to tell powerfully upon the system of slavery, which is the bane and disgrace of the United States. But time warns me to close.

Your friend,

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### Presidential Election.

In *Pennsylvania* and *Ohio* the Presidential battle was fought on Friday last. From the latter State, but few returns have been received; but it is not doubted by any body that the State has gone for Harrison by a large majority. In Pennsylvania the contest has been so close, that it is impossible to say which party has the majority. The returns are very contradictory. The tables of the Journal of Commerce give a majority of 63, so far as heard from, to Van Buren. Birney and Earle received 107 votes in Philadelphia city and county. The whole number cast for all parties was 36,000.

*Connecticut* voted on Monday. Returns from all but 6 towns show a Harrison majority of over 6,000. This is a Whig gain of more than 1,500 since the April election.

*Rhode Island* also voted on Monday. Full returns had not been received when our paper went to press, but there is no doubt that the State has gone for Harrison.

Maine, New-Hampshire, Virginia, Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, Georgia, Indiana, and Kentucky, also voted on Monday; but no returns have yet been received. Michigan voted on Monday and Tuesday, New-Jersey and Mississippi on Tuesday and Wednesday, and in New-York (excepting the city, where the election continues only one day,) on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Our paper goes to press too early, of course, to allow us to present any returns. While we are writing (Wednesday morning,) the city is full of excitement, and both parties are confident of success.

Next week, the contest comes on in Massachusetts, Maryland, Alabama, Vermont, Delaware, and North Carolina. In South Carolina, the Legislature will choose Electors on or after the 22d inst.

It is probable that we shall be able to tell who is elected in our next.

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MASSACHUSETTS.—We have scarcely an inch of room in this week's Standard to notice the general aspects of the cause in the Bay State. The last number of the Liberator came freighted with materials from which we could easily cull an interesting chapter. The visit of Beriah Green to Boston, the unanswered letter of Francis Jackson to John Davis, the proceedings of the Essex county A. S. Society, and of the Women's Conference in the same county, the refusal of Joseph Southwick to accept the nomination of the third party, as a Presidential elector, &c. &c., are topics which we had intended to notice particularly; but we have room only for this slight allusion to them.

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☞ See the advertisement of Mr. Sears's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible, on the last page.

MEETINGS ON LONG ISLAND.—The writer of this, in company with James S. Gibbons, had the pleasure of attending two anti-slavery meetings on the last Sabbath; one at the Protestant Methodist meeting-house in Bethphage, and the other at a school-house in Huntington South. The audiences, in both cases, were large and very attentive, and we trust that an interest was awakened in the cause, which will lead to auspicious results. The people in those neighborhoods have not often been favored with anti-slavery lectures. Nothing is wanted but light to make numbers of them thorough and efficient abolitionists.

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### SIXTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

Just as we are going to press, news has been received by the Britannia, via Boston, 16 days later from Europe. She made her passage in 13 days and 15½ hours, and brought 63 passengers. It is impossible to give the news in detail this week. The most important intelligence is, that another attempt has been made upon the life of Louis Phillipe. The name of the assassin is Marius Darmes. He has confessed his crime. The destruction of Beyrout is confirmed, and it was reported that the allied armies had sustained a defeat. The tone of the French papers is warlike.

## NOTICES.

### The Mirror of Liberty.

We, the undersigned, Committee, take pleasure in introducing to the favorable notice of our fellow citizens the MIRROR OF LIBERTY, which is edited and published by Mr. David Ruggles.

The claims of this journal and its editor upon our brethren and sisters are irresistible. Therefore we pledge ourselves to its support, and call upon the friends of human rights for their patronage, because the MIRROR OF LIBERTY is a free and independent paper, and by this means we contribute to relieve the editor from blindness.

We are confident that there are few of our brethren or true friends, who can deny the claims of this champion of Liberty upon them, and we are sure that this call will meet with a response from those whom it shall reach, of the six hundred self-emancipated brethren, whom the editor's invaluable services have protected from danger in the United States and in Canada.

Believing that there is patriotism and right feeling enough among our brethren to sustain a faithful servant in the cause, and an efficient monthly periodical, we submit the subject to your consideration.

P. LOVERIDGE,
NICHOLAS GOLDESBERRY,
LEWIS BODINE,
WM. BEDFORD,
URIAH COPELAND,
} *Committee.*

New-York, Nov. 2nd, 1840.

### MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

It has been decided, upon consultation and advice with the friends of the cause in various parts of the State, to hold the Fair of 1840, during CHRISTMAS WEEK, and to spare no exertions to make it a pleasant and profitable occasion to the 'good old cause,' which each year's effort makes dearer and dearer. Our Seventh Anti-Slavery Fair ought to command exertions proportionate to the need of funds. Donations and contributions may be left at 25 Cornhill; 11 West street; or 4, High street. If the friends would reserve their annual appropriation for Christmas and New-Year's presents till the Fair, the committee are confident that *no where* could a more exquisite or reasonable selection be made than from the tables of the MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. Beautiful and rare articles of the usefully ornamental style, (many siyles never before imported,) are already received from members of the committee in England, France and Switzerland. Think of the cause, and for its sake reserve your gift-money till Christmas.

In behalf of the Committee,
MARIA W. CHAPMAN.

Boston, Oct. 23, 1840

### SECOND APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC ON BEHALF OF THE AFRICANS TAKEN IN THE AMISTAD.

The time has now arrived when new and heavy expenses are to be incurred for the protection and deliverance of the thirty-six surviving Africans who are still in the custody of our government, awaiting the final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Several hundreds of dollars are still due for the expenses of instructing them daily for upward of fifteen months, and eminent counsel will be engaged as soon as the means are furnished, to conduct their defence, at Washington City, next January. If any one doubts the extremity of the peril in which these Africans are placed, let him read the Congressional document containing the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister.

Shall these hapless sons of Africa, for want of farther aid, and able professional defenders, be surrendered to the Spanish Minister, who claims them "not as slaves but as assassins!" Will not the generous men and women who have already contributed to afford instruction and legal protection to these interesting strangers, again open their hands for their relief—and will not those who have not yet contributed for these noble purposes, forward their donations, which are needed more than ever at this juncture! Donors can designate in what way their benefactions shall be appropriated—whether for education or general purposes. Such sums as may be contributed for the former purpose will be handed to the committee at New Haven, Rev. L. Bacon, Rev. H. G. Ludlow, and Amos Townsend, Jr. Esq., and other donations will be appropriated by the undersigned according to their best judgment. All donations will be acknowledged in the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter, and a copy sent to each donor. The disbursements will also be published. Money can be sent to Samuel D. Hastings, Esq., No. 20 Commerce street, Philadelphia; to Rev. A. A. Phelps, No 36 Washington street, Boston; or to Lewis Tappan, 122 Pearl street, and 131 Nassau street, New-York.

S. S. JOCELYN,
JOSHUA LEAVITT,
LEWIS TAPPAN,
} *Committee.*

## GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

### FOREIGN.

*Four days later from Europe.*—The packet ship, New-York, arrived on Monday, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 8th ult., up to which date she brings Liverpool papers, and London to the 12th.

The news appears still more warlike. Indeed, the war upon Syria and Egypt is already under way, and we have only to note its destructive progress. The final crisis is now near at hand. If France commences hostilities at all, she must do so very soon.

The greatest uneasiness prevails in the money markets of both London and Paris, especially the latter. Panics and fluctuations are created by every day's reports. Matters are rather more firm at London.

We find no change in the price of cotton. The corn market was falling off.

The fall of Beyroot is confirmed, and it is stated on the authority of private letters, that the troops which landed were compelled to embark with a loss of two thousand men.

HAVRE, October 3, 1840.

The news of the destruction of Beyroot by the Allied forces, which was received here this morning, has caused a great sensation. War is now thought inevitable, and the people talk of it as about to take place immediately. Their feelings are excited too, in every way, by the leading journal of the place, which seizes every opportunity of pouring forth its hatred on England and every thing English. Matters had looked much better for some days, but this day's news has made them appear worse than ever. Depend on it, things are beginning to look very awkward. Little was done in the market for the last few days, holders being steady, and not wishing to sell. To-day nothing doing for the opposite reason.

Up to 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the Court of Peers had not pronounced the verdict and sentence in the case of Prince Louis Napoleon and his associates. The Court was convoked for Sunday, (yesterday) at 10 o'clock. The question of the guilt of the prisoners had been decided in the affirmative, with the exception of one or two accused, but the awarding of punishment had given rise to serious debates. Detention for life in a fortress was still considered to be the probable sentence on the Prince.

Letters from the Hague and Amsterdam, received in Paris on Friday, entirely confirm the announcement in our paper of Saturday, that the King of Holland was about to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, the Prince of Orange.

*Pacification of the East.*—By the Packet ship Toronto, arrived on Sunday from Portsmouth, (Eng.) we have the following paragraph from a Malta paper of Sept. 15.

Fourteen days had elapsed without our receiving any intelligence from Syria or Egypt, and to-day by the arrival of the French steam-packet, we have received advices to the 6th inst., and we are happy to announce that there appears every prospect of an amicable arrangement taking place between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, the latter having, in fact, acceded to the ultimatum, by consenting to deliver up the Turkish fleet, Candia, Adana, and that part of Syria which it is determined he shall no longer hold; but he asks it as a boon from his "beloved master," that he may retain the latter for life. This is the substance of the important intelligence arrived. The communication was received by the Sultan's Envoy, Rifat Bey, with the highest satisfaction, and he had left for Constantinople. It is thus to be hoped that this question, which threatened to involve all Europe in war, will be brought to a pacific termination without resorting to coercive measures for carrying into effect the convention of 15th July.

*Later from China.*—The ship Delhi arrived here on the 29th ult. from China. She left Whampoa June 3rd, and Macao June 5th. *The English fleet had not arrived.* Two days out the Delhi passed a steamer of war bound to China. The Chinese had at last undeceived themselves in regard to the expedition, and were daily expecting its arrival.

The accounts via England, of the destruction of the fort at Bocca Tigris, in Canton river, by the British fleet, are dated Bombay, July 23rd. Date from China not mentioned.

By a letter direct from Singapore, we learn that the British fleet sailed from that place on the 30th of May and 1st of June. It probably could not have arrived at Canton before the 15th of June. If a steamer departed from China for Calcutta near the end of June, the news which she carried,—might arrive at Bombay by express, on or before the 23rd day of July. We therefore do not consider the report of the destruction of Bocca Tigris Fort as necessarily contradicted by the statement above published.—*Jour. Com.*

### ITEMS.

*Western Rail Road.*—A table has been published, giving the receipts and expenses of that portion of the Western Rail Road which is now open, extending from Worcester to Springfield, 55 miles. The results are highly satisfactory. The way-travel and freight are not only paying the expenses of the road, but already yield a handsome revenue; and when the road is opened to Albany, and becomes, as it soon must, a thoroughfare between Boston and the great West, it is obvious that its revenue must be much increased. Fifteen miles more of this road—viz.: between Dalton and the State line—will be put in operatoin in the course of the next month, and that the twenty-eight miles between Springfield and Chester will be opened early in March next. The whole line of the road from Boston to Hudson, on the Hudson River, except two miles at the Summit, will no doubt be opened in July next; and by the first of January, 1842, we expect to pass on the Western Rail Road from Boston to Albany.—*Boston Courier.*

*Norwich and Worcester Rail Road.*—The receipts of this railroad, for freight and passengers, for the last six months, being the first six months of the operation of the road, have been $77,290 74; for mails, &c., $1,933 08; making an aggregate of $79,223 82.

The friends of this enterprize anticipate that the amount of the receipts on this road, during the next year, will be double what they have been during the present year. The road will then have been finished—the business of the country will be more active—the manufacturers on the borders of the railroad will more universally avail themselves of this new avenue.

Steamboats of a superior character will be placed on this ronte, one of which will be a new boat, built for the line by the present Steamboat Company, of 640 tons burthen, and of great speed; and in addition to this, there will be the regular annual increase of business, which is created by a railroad, found by the experience of England and this country, to be 20 per cent. per annum, or a doubling in five years.—*National Ægis.*

*Reverses of Fortune.*—The U. S. Marshal who has just completed the census of Cincinnati, mentions these incidents:

I met a man who had ruined himself by intemperance, and was subsisting on charity, that I knew in Pittsburgh in the year 1815, owner of a fine property and store worth $50,000 at that time. The property alone, I have no doubt, would since have brought $150,000.

I found in the person of a day laborer in one of our foundries, a man who had once owned a large iron establishment in Scotland, on the Carron side. He had become involved with others, and rendered thereby insolvent. My sympathies were the more strongly excited here from the simple dignity which forbore repining or complaint the family manifested in the case.

I found also the widow of a distinguished professor in an Eastern college, who was at the time eating her humble supper with her daughter, under such circumstances of penury, that their very table was formed of a *board laid across an old barrel!*

I have found in the city two cases of disparity of age between the oldest and youngest brother, worthy of notice.—In one instance the oldest brother was 69, the youngest 25. In the other when the father was living, and aged 73 years, one brother was 46 and the other 2.

*Temperance in Providence.*—The correspondent of the Olive Leaf says:

The good work of reformation is still progressing among the Irish in our highly favored city. The whole number who have joined the society now amounts to over *six hundred*,—and a number who sold liquor, have given it up, and also joined the society. Who can estimate the blessings to arise from this beginning to our glorious reform, to the Irish of Providence alone! We ardently hope the example will be generally followed. God speed the temperance cause among the poor, who, of all others, are suffering most from the prevalence of intemperance.

*Sale of the Amistad.*—In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court, this famous vessel, together with her cargo, was, on Thursday last, sold by auction, under the direction of the marshal of the district, at the custom house in this city. An appraisal was had of vessel and cargo when the goods were first landed. We understand that the amount of that appraisal was about 6600 dollars, and that the gross sales will amount to within 4 or 500 dollars of that sum. The vessel was valued by the appraisers at 600 dollars, and sold for only 245 dollars. She is of some 50 or 60 tons burthen, built in Cuba, and said to be old. Her sails are all worn to shreds' and a large expenditure would be necessary to render her seaworthy. The cargo consisted principally of assorted dry goods, calculated for the Spanish market.

*New London Repub.*

*A Slave Shot.*—It will be recollected that a daring runaway slave killed one man and dangerously wounded another who attempted to arrest him, in the Third Municipality, some five or six weeks since, and made his escape into the swamp. Captain Harper got information of his haunt, and accompanied by Commissary Barry and two others, all armed, proceeded on Wednesday night to arrest him. It was far down, in the rear of Doctor Luzenburg's hospital; when they reached there he was lying under a mosquito bar.—Hearing their approach, he jumped up and fired at Captain Harper and those with him, and missed them. The Captain then fired off one shot from a double barrel gun loaded with buck shot; he fired the contents of the second barrel, which the negro received in his right breast and fell. They then arrested him and brought him to the Second Municipality police prison. He is seriously wounded, and will not, it is thought, recover.

He says his name is Nelson Brown, and that he belongs to Charles Archinel or Kichenel. He is a mulatto of much mascular strength.—*N. O. Picayune Oct.* 16th.

*Snow at the North and East.*—The Newburyport Watchtower says,—That on Monday morning, the 26th ult., for the first time this season, the ground was covered with snow to the depth of two or three inches. It however mostly disappeared during the day.

The snow storm on Monday night was severe at the North and West. At Hartford the snow fell to the depth of nearly six inches, so that it prevented the train of cars from passing over the Hartford and New Haven railroad in time for the passengers to take the steamer for New-York. At Guilford, N. H. on Monday morning at six o'clock, the snow was seven inches deep, and was still falling. At Nashua it fell to the depth of four or five inches.

*Bowdoin College. Rev. Dr. Woods.*—We learn from a friend that Rev. Dr. Woods, President of Bowdoin College, sailed last trip in the Brittannia for Europe. Professor Packard is elected by the Boards to perform the duties of his office in his absence. The services of Mr. Henry B. Smith, we are also informed, who has lately returned from Europe, are also secured as an additional Instructor. Mr. Smith was formerly Tutor in the College. President Woods will spend a year among the Universities of Europe and return before the next Commencement.—*Portland Transcript.*

*Mehemet Ali.*—This distinguished genius, whose name is at present so formidable to the world, since it is the word on which peace or war, bloody and extensive, depends, is about seventy years of age. He was born, it is said, in the same year with Wellington, and with Napoleon.

*Salem, N. Y.*—This flourishing village has been almost wholly destroyed by two recent conflagrations, both the work of incendiaries. So great is the loss and the consequent suffering that the inhabitants, at a public meeting, have thought it proper to make their appeal to the sympathies of the public for aid.

*Stopping the Mails.*—On Thursday morning the mails from Philadelphia westward were stopped at the collector's office, by order of the canal commissioners, because the contractor would not pay his dues for carrying them on to the state works in specie. They were detained, however, but a short time—coaches having been prepared to take them on.

The election in Philadelphia, on Friday, was attended with a good deal of rioting and violence. Some twenty of those engaged in the frays have been arrested. A numbert of individuals were severely injured.

The Little Rock (Arkansas) Times of the 18th ult. states that John Howard Payne, Esq. had reached that place on his route to visit the western Indians, for the purpose of completing investigations of their history and habits. He travels under a special passport from the Secretary of War, and recommendatory letters to all Indian Agencies, from the Indian Department.

*Rhode Island Election.*—On the 29th ult. James F. Simmons was elected U. S. Senator in the place of Asher Robbins, for six years from the 4th of March next. The whole number of votes was 81, of which Mr. Simmons, Whig, received 55; Mr. Atwell, Dem. 24; Mr. Burgess, 2; Mr. Simmons' majority, 29.

The Whig Express from the west left Pittsbugh at 8 o'clock, on Saturday morning and arrived at Chambersburg at twenty minutes before 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, and there took the cars and arrived at Philadelphia at 4 o'clock, P. M. and went by the 5 o'clock, making the whole distance from Pittsburgh to New-York, say 400 miles, in 39 hours. One hundred and fifty miles of this distance was brought by horses, twenty being placed on the road at distances of seven to eight miles.—*Philad. Nat. Gaz.*

At the recent election in Georgia, it was decided by a vote of the people that the Legislature of the State shall hereafter meet once in two years. The majority in favor of biennial sessions is over 30,000.

The steamer President, which left on Monday for England, had eighty-five passengers, and about $150,000 in specie.

*Amistad Africans.*—The following cheering announcement we copy from the last Liberator:

We learn with the highest gratification, that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has agreed to assume the position of leading counsel for the Africans of the Amistad at their final trial before the Supreme Court of the U. States. The trial will be had, this winter, during the session of Congress. It will be of unequalled interest, and will doubtless attract the attendance of persons from all parts of this country. Mr. Adams has not appeared in Court for more than thirty years. Venerable and illustrious as he is, from age, from his fearless character and from his eminent public services, yet when we consider the magnitude of the interests involved in the case to the reputation of our country, and to the great cause of freedom and right, we feel that noble as is the resolution of Mr. Adams to step forth, as from a generation that is gone, in defence of these oppressed men, that in the eyes of America, of Europe, of posterity, and of all good men, he will gain, from his connexion with such a cause, far more than he will give. His appearance before that august tribunal will hereafter shine as the brighest day in the life of the man whose history has been for half a century identified with his country's.

*A Sailor's notion of a Sermon.*—A Nantucket sailor was asked to give an opinion of a sermon to which he had just listened. He said it was a handsome sermon, but he would have liked it much better, if it had stuck the harpoon into the conscience of the sinner.

Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who has some public commission to execute, sailed a few days since at New-York, in the packet ship Hellespont for Havana, in company with Mr. Turnbull, the British Consul.

*Perilous Escape.*—We learn by the Buffalo Journal

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

### The Little Church in Greene Street.*

From Lady Byron, and other Poems of M'Donald Clarke.

Just below Spring, to the Southard, in Greene,
Is an altar of God, from the street retiring;
I never have wept in a happier scéne—
Hundreds are now for that Church inquiring.

No lofty dome—no lavish'd gold
Looks proud, and seems like ostentation;
But there beat hearts that are not cold—
Lifted by Wealth above their station;

Though some appear, (whose forms are bowed
Among the poor, who there are bending,)
Whom Riches have not yet made proud,
To the humble wants of the poor attending.

There the wealthy and the weak unite
In the simple prayer—the meek petition—
Feeling that God will do what 's right
For the lordly and the low condition.

No vain, bombastic Priest appears—
No fop of the Pulpit flaunts his fashion—
But trembling hymns and starting tears
Show there is deep, undying passion.

They come in clothes they daily use—
The common dress of man and maiden;
Their modest habits cannot choose
To be with Fashion's baubles laden.

They who feel their hearts in tune,
The instrument of nature taking,
Break forth in music sweet as June,
Till listening hearts with bliss are aching.

They who feel a spirit sent
To whisper to the world God's warning,
Speak of the blessings of content,
In words that aint forgot next morning!

O ye rich and wretched ones,
Wasting your years in withering splendor,
That scorches, like hot summer suns,
When drought and pestilence attend her;

Come and kneel, where we have knelt,
Among the poor, the lone and lowly;
Come and feel, as we have felt,
Till tears have washed all thoughts unholy.

It is not in the mean parade
Of homes where vanity is glaring,
That God will bless the hearts he 's made—
Where Pride looks cold, and Fashion flaring:

It is not at the sumptuous feast,
Where appetite the day indulges,
Where the Angel 's slimed by the groveling beast,
And the eye, from fat, and foul blood bulges.

It is not 'mid the purchased smile
Of things, who crowd your gorgeous dinners,
That God Almighty stays awhile,
To turn the hearts of wandering sinners.

It is not where you meanly frown
On those whose homes are far less splendid,
And coldly, wickedly look down
On lives by poverty attended.

It is not there—it is not then—
That Heaven's warm arms will sweetly open—
Be generous to your fellow-men—
Not in Gain's dark alleys groping.

Heaven and hell need little space—
The circumference of the heart can bound 'em—
Their signboard is the human face—
They who sought have always found 'em!

My friends, there 's danger—death—in gold,
When 'tis in selfish weakness wasted;
A mind that 's mean, a heart that 's cold,
The peace of this world never tasted.

Mortals may be as happy here,
As in the world where Angels mingle;
Heaven will light the humblest sphere,
Provided that—*it is not single!*

The bachelor can never hope
For blessedness—he lives neglected—
Narrows the Affections' scope—
Leaves some lone woman unprotected!

A human being 's only *half*
Of what 's required, to make life sunny;
Self-interest only feeds on chaff,
If he expects it in the glare of money.

Money is the mightiest curse
That Hell upon the earth has chinkled;
It sounds behind Affection's hearse,
Till even the brow of Hope is wrinkled!

Dollar-bags a barrier raise
'Twixt hearts that sympathy is twining;
And sleepless nights, and aching days,
Blast thousands on whom wealth's glare is shining.

O trample them beneath your feet!
Crowd the little Church that looks above it!
Come where the rich and poor ones meet,
And you will learn to praise and love it.

Throw away life's gaudiest things—
Look at earth's grandeur boldly, calmly;
Come—kneel, and pray for Wisdom's wings,
At the little weeping church of Parmly.

New-York, October 19, 1840.

* Erected by Eleazer Parmly, of Park Place.

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### Farewell to William Lloyd Garrison.

Composed and sung at Dublin, during Mr. G's. late visit to that city.

Go to thy home, beyond the western wave!
May angel hands thy sturdy vessel steer!
While we, with wondering hearts, recall
The blessed, blessed moments thou hast given us here.

And, when thou'st found the loving ones again,
With whose thy fate in weal and wo is twin'd,
While the deep bliss of heart and eye o'erflows,
O think of us—the loving ones thou'st left behind.

Shine on, love on, thou man of light and love,
Whose hand, though ne'er upraised, is strong to save!
O may we meet when life's dark dream is o'er,
In yonder yearning Palestine, beyond the grave!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Herald of Freedom.

### Wincobank Hall

Is one of those romantic homes in proud Old England, which, in rank and grandeur, stand mid way between the comfortable commoner's dwelling house, and the castles and palaces of royalty or the peerage. It is at a picturesque place, near Sheffield, called Wincobank, and is the seat of a highly estimable English lady, Mrs. Rawson. We met with her at London, and when we left that overgrown city for the North, had the good fortune of her society as a fellow passenger on the rail road. With her we had John Dunlop of Edinburgh, an elegant scholar—a warm hearted Scotsman and a Christian, (we fell in with him on our *journey up* St. Paul's Cathedral) Charles Lenox Remond, the young colored orator from Rhode Island, co-delegate with us from the American Society to "The World's Convention" (*which neither of us could find,*) and then GEORGE THOMPSON and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. With such a company—on such a jaunt—who could have failed of the loftiest enjoyment incident to this earth's excursions?

We took our departure from the magnificent 'Victoria Hotel,' close by the entrance to the great Northern rail way—an entrance that looked like a Grecian Temple, and which alone was said to have cost ten thousand pounds sterling. It is a sample of the splendors of England, where the people are perishing for want of food. We shot out of London at the lightning speed of the British locomotive, and were, in a twinkling, deep in the country. O the country—the glorious country of Old England! A church spire on the left towered, as we sped, high into the sky, above a forest of British Oaks, whose immense, thick tops lay piled along the verdant height, in shape like a mass of clouds—as thick and as fleecy.—It was the church of "Harrow on the Hill"—the scene of Byron's school-boy days. The memory of the dark spirited Bard flashed across us as evanescently as this glimpse of Harrow. On we glanced through field and woodland, with the green, sweet hedge-row lined—along canal—through deep cut and tunnel—tunnel darker than any midnight this side the pole—the din of whose thundering passage realized to our stunned ears all the noise of a battle, the rattle of musketry and the roar of a cannonade—through lofty banks purpled o'er and scarleted to their tops with old England's flowers—over moss and moorland—along the fat pasture, where John Bull's herds wantoned—as his *people do not wanton*, up to their eyes in feed—the ample bodied, sleek hided, small-headed, slender-necked, no horned, *horned* cattle of England. On we raced, in sight of distant Ruins and haughty Halls—of crumbling old Towers and kingly Castles—on through the uplands of beauteous Derbyshire, and by the Derwent Water—amid all that the strong hand of Tyranny could achieve in a thousand years, to cultivate, adorn and beautify a region moistened perpetually by that verdure-giving climate,—till sunset brought us to the neighborhood of Old Sheffield, the great cutlery shop of Britain and of the world. There we parted with our fellow traveller, Mrs Rawson and her beautiful little daughter—they to Wincobank Hall, and we to the Tontine Inn in famous Sheffield, under pledge to Mrs. R. that we would meet "some of her neighbors to breakfast next morning at the Hall"

At eight next morning, accordingly, we took the rail-road for a three or four mile trip, and as we dismounted, at the foot of Wincobank Ridge, to take the foot path over it to the Hall, a keen-eyed, active gentleman of sixty, undersized and dressed in black, accosted George Thompson, and was introduced to us as—JAMES MONTGOMERY. He was one of Mrs. Rawson's "neighbors," and was on his way to breakfast with us at Wincobank Hall, from his home, "The mount near Sheffield." We had the pleasure of climbing with him, side by side, over that romantic Ridge, and of beholding the landscape that lay at its foot,—a more glorious one, when we got to the summit, cannot be often seen from the tops of this world's Ridges. There, stretched out, under a bright morning, the vale of the Rother, and that winding stream, the olden home of "Cedric the Saxon" in Ivanhoe,—the "Boar of Rotherwood." Smoky old Sheffield gloomed at the extremity of the valley on the right, and in the distance on the left the turrets of the ancient Cathedral of Rotherham. As we looked upon it with our celebrated companion, we threatened him we would assuredly tell of it, if ever we lived to reach the other side of the Atlantic—how we gazed on such a scene as that, along with "The Wanderer of Switzerland." He said we might in welcome. And we have more than once made good our menace. Pitching over the Ridge, with a prospect on the other side of unutterable beauty and wide extent, and thought to be finer, said George Thompson, than the vale of the Rother, we descended some thirty or fifty rods to Wincobank Hall. It was a fair spot—one at which a "wayfaring man would pause and linger—forgetful of his onward road." The old Hall was of rough stone, with slated roof, and built and arranged, with its out-houses and appurtenances, seemingly with all the taste and beauty that architecture and wealth could accomplish. It looked equal to the descriptions of the Halls of "Merry England," in the old romances. We were welcomed by a crowd of elegant visitants and inhabitants, and ushered into the Library, which seemed to be the principal apartment, so far as we had the means of seeing—and where, among the stately furniture, were displayed some 10,000 volumes of the choicest British editions, with their rich, plain backs, and heavy binding. At the farther end of the spacious room you looked out through a whole wall of windows, that reached the floor, into a garden of Eden behind the Hall. There stretched the lawn of velvet—"shaven with the scythe"—under the dark Beeches and the glittering Hollies—here and there the rustic chairs made of the crooked limbs of trees, and the classic vases and urns.

Poet Montgomery and our own travelling company were sample of the numerous party present. We breakfasted intellectually and at the table until near twelve. About one, having parted with Montgomery, who promised us a call in the evening at the Tontine in Sheffield, two carriages provided by our kind hostess took our company to ride some half dozen miles, to see Wentworth House and Park, the celebrated seat of Earl Fitzwilliam. We rode to it along those exquisite English roads, bordered all the way with hawthorn hedge-row. As we approached the Park, the road turned off from the public way, and we went through one of those entrances that lead to the haughty retreats of titled England. It had cost, undoubtedly, more than many a better man's "house and home." An extensive outer park opened upon us with a most beautiful, unfenced road. To the right, overlooking the forest, stood a temple, called by the coachman the Mausoleum. It was a lofty stone structure, and in the top of it, he said, the former Fitzwilliam was entombed. Men and women were at work in a hay-field, on the left of the open grounds—a beautiful pond lay beyond them, and away by the farther side we say a company of the grooms of his Lordship (or his Grace,) each leading one of His Grace's racers, training for the turf at Doncaster or at Ascot. As we drove by a clump of oaks, we started up a stag with a pretty clever set of antlers on his head. He saw we were no hunters, or nobility, and went to his feeding again. We met a strolling minstrel. He had been up to Wentworth House to play for a guerdon.

After riding a mile or two, we came to the entrance of the inner park, and passing it, the lordly mansion itself broke upon our view a mile distant, standing its back to a thick, dark woods, and fronting an immense open green, where a thousand deer were grazing, intermingled with the white buffaloes and other animals of the old world; *wild beasts* from far countries. The "House" was of dark brown stone, with a six hundred feet front, most exquisitely built. The centre was a projection, with the gable supported on pillars, standing on an elevated base; and, in the centre of each ample wing, a similar projection, of similar dimensions—the whole of most beautiful proportions and forms. A row of superb statuary ranged along the roof. The softened sunlight of England fell faintly on the green lawn that stretched out almost boundlessly before it. The hand of agriculture might not touch that proud green-sward. It was guarded as the carpet of nobility, and of nobility's deer and hounds and race horses. The plough might not profane it. The hungry, "bread-taxed Englishman" might not vex its face to draw out from its fertile mould the staff of life. Its countless acres lay doomed to perpetual sterility. It was still wondrously fair and beautiful, and it hath a charm even to the eye of the depressed peasant, who regards it as part and parcel of the nobility of his own native England. No one hugs nobility like the hungry subject, whom it grinds to powder and crushes to the earth. He would esteem it sacrilege to mar that Wentworth park with the plough, or cut up its now useless surface into farms, to gladden the hearts of a hundred of the families of destitution. Why, what would become of the poor of England, he thinks, if it were not for the munificent nobility! He could no more live without them, than republicans could without their standing army of politicians and office-holders.

We were admitted to the recesses of Wentworth House, and were conducted by a serving woman throughout its princely apartments. The noble Earl and his family were absent. They were abroad, travelling in Germany—wandering "up and down in dry places," we suppose, "seeking" the "rest" they could not find in that regal abode. The interior of the mansion was as imposing as its exterior, and there seemed no end to the statues and paintings that adorned it.—There was a room, 140 feet in length, hung throughout with paintings of the great masters. Among the statues was an exquisite one of the Trojan shepherd Paris, taken from among the ruins of Herculaneum. No wonder, we thought as we beheld it, that Venus and Juno submitted to his umpirage their rival claims to beauty. A heathenish idea. Fitzwilliam's rooms looked like the interior of a heathen Temple. We remember among the paintings, the Earl's favorite horse Whistlejacket, which at *full length* hung opposite his own—whose pedigree and exploits on the turf our conductress eloquently proclaimed to us; the famous Earl of Strafford, and his Secretary reading him the warrant for his execution; a model of Solomon's Temple, of the size of a small church organ, of transparent tortoise shell, mounted in gold. We can't "*begin*" to describe the gorgeous secrets of that prison house. The cost of them would defer for a twelve month the starvation of all Britain and Ireland. We beheld with our *own unassisted* eye, the very identical bed, on which she that was *afterwards Victoria, Queen of England*, slept—and her dressing room, while she sojourned, in queenly expectation, at this stately mansion. Her bed was of purple and gold, and the linen thereof, (if it had linen,) must have been the "fine linen of Egypt." It was every way a couch worthy the slumbers of Cleopatra. To show the rank of Wentworth House, it is one of the two or three spots, spoken of at Court, where Her Majesty would probably pause during the anticipated birth of an heir apparent to the throne of Britain. And what an inheritance for a worm of mortality to wanton in for a season! Perilous inheritance by and bye, when crushed and starved humanity will heave up under it like a volcano. That day is at hand. The idea of "Rights of Man" will cross the Atlantic in some of these steamers, and stir the soul of the English yeoman to throw off the load, that crushes him, into the sea.

We saw a chapel in the secret recesses of Wentworth House; a secluded apartment, where those haughty inmates retired to do their modern penance. There lay the golden prayer books, on the crimson cushions. The gallery above it was hung with magnificent paintings.

Among other things, we saw his Grace's Library, and amid the *noble* volumes we discovered an American book, labeled with the name of Webster. Within was written "Fitzwilliam," (by the noble Earl, no doubt,) "a gift from Geo. Ticknor, Esq." It was Webster's speeches. A full length portrait of Fox hung hard by, in the utmost attitude of oratory; a position he was thrown into, perhaps, when on the abolition of the slave trade—or ranting for the American Revolution. His great rival, who reposed among Fitzwilliam's volumes, would be ashamed to look him in the face now, since his homage to the slave system at Alexandria.

Leaving the House, we departed a different way from the one we entered, and went out two or three miles through the cultivated grounds of the enormous estate. Immense fields were waving with crops of barley and wheat and oats—in the highest state of cultivation—by the hand of vassal labor. We could take no pleasure in looking over such fields. They were dressed and tilled by half-paid toil. We saw on a hill, some miles distant, a lofty monument, and asked our friend coachman what it was, and he said it was the Keppel monument, put up there by the old Earl, to commemorate the acquittal of Admiral Keppel. We remembered Admiral Keppel, sometime in the last century, and his celebrated trial by court martial. It seems Fitzwilliam was his friend, and to show his *noble* exultation at the acquittal, reared that structure, at a cost which would maintain scores of suffering families among the laborers of England. It was a superb looking object. Keppel was a sturdy old sea-fighter, and he was accused, we believe, of a lack of brute courage or some such admiral (and admirable) quality, in the guardians of England's naval glory.

We at length came to the verge of the tremendous estate, and issued from it into the smaller parcels of ground into which this *subject* island remains cut up, since the great carving by the Norman conquerer. A beautiful road led us by a new route to Wincobank, where we arrived a little before night. A hospitable and elegant refreshment at the Hall, and we returned by coach to Sheffield. James Montgomery had been there and kindly left for us a beautiful little work he had recently written for the benefit of Bristol Hospital,—the healing miracles of our Savior, in verse, with an autograph memento on the blank leaf of our meeting at Wincobank. We prized it higher than we should a race horse from the proprietor of Wentworth House. Next morning we took the rail road for the ancient city of York—and sun about two hours high, came in sight of the famous Minster; which was *some time in sight before we reached it*, although we went at the rate of forty miles an hour.

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NEVER MISREPRESENT AN OPPONENT. Always award to him his true position, and meet him upon his own definition of terms, and not upon the sayings or misrepresentations of others. And if by so doing, you fall in fair argument, your own character for candor and integrity will at least not have suffered. You may be sure that that cause is a bad one, whose supporters have to resort to misrepresentation to sustain it. The triumphs of a victory thus obtained cannot be permanent, for Truth will at last come along, and abash, by the light of her countenance, the self-willed errorist and prejudiced bigot.

From the Dial.

### Religion.

Religion should be a 'a thousand-voiced psalm,' from the heart of man to man's God, who is the original of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and is revealed in all that is good, true and beautiful. But religion is among us, in general, but a compliance with custom; a prudential calculation; a matter of expediency; whereby men hope, through giving up a few dollars in the shape of pew-tax, and a little time in the form of church-going, to gain the treasures of heaven and eternal life. Thus religion has become Profit; not Reverence of the Highest, but vulgar hope and vulgar fear; a working for wages, to be estimated by the rules of loss and gain. Men love religion as the mercenary worldling his well-endowed wife; not for herself, but for what she brings. They think religion is useful to the old, the sick, and the poor, to charm them with a comfortable delusion through the cloudy land of this earthly life; they wish themselves to keep some running account therewith, against the day, when they also shall be old, and sick, and poor. Christianity has two modes of action, direct on the heart and life of a man, and indirect through conventions, institutions, and other machinery, and in our time the last is almost its sole influence. Hence men reckon Christianity as valuable to keep men in order; it would have been good policy for a shrewd man to have invented it on speculation, like other contrivances, for the utility of the thing. In their eyes the church, especially the church for the poor, is necessary as the court-house or the jail; the minister is a well-educated Sabbath-day constable; and both are parts of the great property establishment of the times. They value religion, not because it is true and divine, but because it serves a purpose. They deem it needful as the poll-tax, or the militia system, a national bank, or a subtreasury. They value it among other commodities; they might give it a place in their inventories of stock, and hope of Heaven, or faith in Christ, might be summed up in the same column with money at one per cent.

The problem of men is not first the Kingdom of God, that is a perfect life on earth, lived for its own sake, but first all other things, and then, if the Kingdom of God come of itself, or is thrown into the bargain, like packthread and paper with a parcel of goods, why, very well; they are glad of it. It keeps 'all other things' from soiling. Does religion take hold of the heart of us? Here and there, among rich men and poor men, especially among women, you shall find a few really religious, whose life is a prayer; and Christianity their daily breath. They would have been religious had they been cradled among cannibals, and before the flood. They are divine men; of whom the spirit of God seems to take early hold, and Reason and Religion to weave up, by celestial instinct, the warp and woof of their daily life. Judge not the age by its religious geniuses. The mass of men care little for Christianity; were it not so, the sins of the forum and the market-place, committed in a single month, would make the land rock to its centre. Men think of religion at church, on the Sabbath; they make sacrifices, often great sacrifices, to support public worship, and attend it most seduously, these men and women. But here the matter ends. Religion does not come into their soul; does not show itself in their house-keeping and trading. It does not shine out of the windows of morning and evening and speak to them at every turn. How many young men in the thousand say thus to themselves, Of this will I make sure, a Christian Character and Divine Life, all other things be as God sends? How many ever set their hearts on any moral and religious object, on achieving a perfect character, for example, with a fraction of the interest they take in the next election? Nay, woman also must share the same condemnation. Though into her rich heart God more generously sows the divine germs of Religion; though this is her strength, her loveliness, her primal excellence, yet she also has sold her birth-right for tinsel ornaments, and the admiration of deceitful lips. Men think of religion when they are sick, old, in trouble, or about to die, forgetting that it is a crown of life at all times; man's choicest privilege; his highest possession; the chain that sweetly links him to Heaven. If good for any thing, it is good to live by. It is a small thing to die religiously; a devil could do that; but to live divine is man's work.

CHILDREN ENGAGED IN MANUFACTORIES.—There can be little doubt that much oppression and cruelty are witnessed in the large manufacturing establishments of Great Britain. The laws favor the rich, but bear heavy on the poor—and the emaciated frames, and hollow cheeks, and joyless countenances of children employed in those establishments, tell a sad and melancholy tale of oppression and cupidity on one side, and poverty and suffering on the other. A few weeks since, Lord Ashley brought forward a motion in the English House of Commons, to inquire into this subject—with a view to correct abuses, &c. He supported his motion in an eloquent and feeling speech, of which we find the following sketch, which cannot be read without emotion:

"He brought forward this motion, he said, in no spirit of hostility to any interest. Few were acquainted with the extent to which the energies of infant life are occupied and exhausted by these toils. The branches of manufacture and other business, in which children were engaged, were many and various. There were some upon which they were employed twelve, and even sixteen hours in a day; others at which they were sometimes actually worked for two or three successive nights. Of their sufferings he read evidence in detail—exhibiting a painful picture of distress, disease, distortion of body, and depravation of mind. He cited instances, too, of parents who borrowed money upon the pledged labor of their children, and let them to the lender to work out the debt—a species of legalized slavery. In order to show the injurious effects of the excessive labor induced by the competition of the manufacturers, he cited some returns furnished to him from France, which presented a very disadvantageous view of manufacturing, as compared with agricultural labor, in its effects upon the human frame. It was necessary to make inquiry into this subject, not only for the benefit of the children, but for the credit of the employers, and for the sake of the state, whose welfare must mainly depend upon the physical aid and moral condition of its manufacturing population. But the habits of these infant laborers disqualified and even disabled them from the industry which should maintain them in maturer life; and their heated workshops inducing violent thirsts, begot a destructive habit of intemperance. He appealed to the clergy to propagate these warnings from their pulpits. He wished to make known the extent of the evil, and then, he believed, there would be found in this country wisdom and ingenuity enough to devise the remedy."

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LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; 'where,' as the good man has it, 'the fly-flaps always hang straight on the wall:'—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days; of tranquil unanxious hearts, where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out our faculties, to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children!—*Mary Howitt.*

THE POOR IN LIVERPOOL.—The following is the state of the cellar residents of Liverpool as described in the report of the Rev. Mr. Johns, the person employed by the Domestic Mission in that town:—"I have seen, what had I not seen it I could not have imagined. I have seen life under forms which took from it all that, in my eyes, made it happy, hopeful, or even human. I have seen life under forms which made it necessary for me to rouse up all the strength of my previous reasonings and convictions, in order to convince myself that these were really fellow-beings, going through a preparatory state of discipline, which under the eye of an all powerful and purely benevolent Providence, was to prepare them for 'an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' I am willing to believe, that the sufferings of these unfortunate beings are unknown in the classes of society above them. Few could have seen the scenes, which have passed under my eyes, (especially during the months of the late trying winter,) without feeling that the time was indeed arrived, when man should go forth to the relief of his brother. Mothers, newly become such, without a garment on their persons, and with infants nearly as naked, lying upon straw or shavings, under a miserable covering, without fire or food, or the means of procuring them; children taken from their schools in order to earn by begging, or by something but one degree above it, a few half-pence worth of bread for themselves and their parents; men in the prime of life, lounging at noon day across their beds, unable to procure work, and dependant upon the charity of their fellow-poor for subsistence; mothers of families only able to provide necessaries for their children by pawning their little all, or by incurring debts wherever they could be trusted; persons in fevers, whose recovery was prevented and whose weakness was prolonged, by the want of all that promotes convalescence; and infirm aged people, who were shivering out the last hours of life in absolute want of every thing that could sustain or endear it; these are some of the shapes and shades of suffering, under which it has been the lot of your missionary to see too often our fellow citizens and fellow-creatures, during the short period of his wanderings among them."

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GENERAL FOY, who has been considered at once the best orator and one of the most honest men in France, was indeed a person of extraordinary qualities. I never knew a more modest man in private society, or one more deeply imbued with pure feelings of philosophy. His countenance was open and intelligent; and his organization, to speak phrenologically, perfect. He had what phrenologists call an equal head, all the organs being nicely counterbalanced, and his large benevolence being finely controlled by the animal and intellectual faculties. So fine was the organization of Foy, that the cast of his head is placed on the desk of the President of the Phrenological Society of Paris, as the model of human perfection. The acts of his life were in harmony with his organization, which is not always the case with those casts upon which phrenological lectures are given. Even in France, where it is so difficult for party men to escape censure, the integrity of Foy was almost universally acknowledged and respected. It has been said that he was the enemy of the English; but this was a false charge. Foy was not one of those men who consider that virtue is the growth of any particular soil; and some of his most particular friends were Englishmen. I can assert, from my own knowledge, that his English visitors were more numerous than those of any other country except his own, and that they always quitted him delighted with the reception which they had experienced. Bentham was a great admirer of Foy. I never returned from Paris with a message to him from the General, that I did not go immediately to the old philosopher, for I knew how happy he would be to see me on such an occasion. Napoleon, although he respected Foy, did not love him, for they were of different natures. The character of Foy was a mixture of the lion and the lamb. Napoleon had less of the lion than the tiger, and was lamb-like only by starts.—*Frazer's Mag. for Oct.*

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FANNY ELLSLER'S MONUMENT!—Since "the *magnificent* offer of *one thousand dollars*" by *Fanny Ellsler* towards the completion of the *Bunker's Hill* FOLLY, no small excitement has sprung up from the association of the name of this *dancing female* with the *glorious* (?) work of Daniel Webster and company, lest it might pollute the *glorious* obelisk. We are very willing that the people who have so forgotten God as to go about to erect this BABEL, should experience the "confusion of tongues" at so early a stage of their silly and wicked enterprise.

How they will cause the confusion to cease, without tumbling down the unsightly pile and using the materials for some useful and honorable purpose, we submit to them, but especially to the disciples of Christ, who have been till now, perhaps, doubtful spectators.

We are behind none of our contemporaries in our admiration of the useful and ornamental arts; but we protest against this heap of hewn granite as neither useful nor ornamental. Its history hitherto has been infamous, and its completion, *if it ever take place*, with or without the assistance of *jumping Fanny*, will perpetuate the infamy.

Our prayer is—"Save thy people, O God, and give not thy heritage to this reproach." Let God's people "touch not the unclean thing."

*Chr. Reflector.*

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HOW THE SOUTH UNDERSTAND IT.—W. H. Burleigh relates the following amusing circumstance which happened while he was travelling in a stage coach.

"A political discussion was soon under way, between a Kentuckian on the one hand, and a "Buckeye" on the other, which for a time seemed to bid fair to issue in an unfraternal strife between the combatants—till at length, the "Buckeye," who was the more moderate of the two, withdrew from the contest, leaving his Kentucky neighbor, the last word and the threatened quarrel to himself. "Well," said the Kentuckian after brooding over the matter for a few moments, "there's this about it—if Harrison is elected, Harry Clay will have the entire control of him, and he is a true friend of the South—and if Van Buren is re-elected, Dick Johnson will be there to watch him, so that but little injury can result any how." This very philosophical view of the subject seemed to compose his irritated feelings, and the matter was finally dropped."

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WATER.—To an unsophisticated and manly appetite, no beverage is so delicious or so healthful as pure water. Men drink it, thinking little of its agreeable qualities, because water is so plenty. But if pure cold water cost a dollar a bottle, with what zest would it be sipped from small glasses?

*Jour. Com.*

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A WISE ANSWER.—In West Africa, the Church Missionary Society of England have a school for poor negro children. It is related of a little girl, who belonged to that school, that when one of her fellow-pupils had beaten her, she was asked—'Did you beat her again?' She answered, '*No, I left it to God.*' The annals of philosophy and human wisdom might be searched in vain, for any thing equal to that answer.

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EXTREMES.—The devil has driven the pendulum far beyond its proper point of rest; and when he has carried it to the utmost length that he can, and it begins by its own weight to swing back, he will probable set in, and drive it with he utmost fury the other way.—*Pres. Edwards.*

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